

Poems



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POEMS

BY

JOSEPH O'CONNOR



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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POEMS

The White Rose.

IT is a withered rose,
That like a rose's corpse, full dry and
wan,
Finds here its last repose,
Its lustre dulled, its form and softness crushed,
The tender life with which its petals flushed
And all its soul of subtle fragrance gone.
A primal rose that bloomed
Among the kindling brands, as white as frost,
Where Zillah stood undoomed,
Or from Mahomet's forehead fluttered fair
To earth, when Al Borak cleft through the air
In flight to heaven, might leave so frail a ghost.

The poet moralist
Hath ever taken sombre joy to sing
Upon a theme so trist,
And write in dust of roses lessons grim—
That pleasures must be snatched ere they grow dim,

The White Rose

For germs of death in folds of beauty cling ;

That since the roses die,

No mortal loveliness may long endure ;

No joy outlast a sigh ;

No passion's thrill, no labor's work remain

Beyond a season ; that Decay doth reign ;—

Though in the tyrant's very riot, sure,

Some pledge of hope is found,

That all the universe is not a grave

And life sits somewhere crowned.

Not Tasso's soft persuasion unto sin

I find, dear rose, thy withered leaves within,

Nor any precept Epicurus gave ;

To me thou dost not breathe

A thought of festivals, or memory

Of woven, wine-dipped wreath,

Or kisses on ripe lips, or fond regret

For bounds by time to fleeting pleasures set,

Or wish to bring thy beauty back to thee.

To kiss thy leaves I bend,

And lo ! the crash of cannon fills mine ears ;

I see the banners blend

Into the battle smoke ; and the long lines

The White Rose

Of marching men where glint of bayonet shines
Through clouds of dust !—The hopes, the hates, the
fears

Of old thrill through my heart ;
Again the myriad ghosts of the great war
From out their cerements start ;
Again the nation in the contest strains
Its every nerve ; again the deep refrains
Of groan and cheer break on us from afar !

What mystery of power
To fill the mind with visions such as these
Lies in this scentless flower ?
'T is three and twenty years this very June,
Since first it opened to the southern noon
And swung in languor to a southern breeze ;
And on the stalwart breast
Of one that wore the blue, while yet in bloom,
'T was set in gallant jest ;
In the long march's dust it drooped its head
And in the smoke of Gettysburg lay dead,
With many a life more precious finding doom.

Beside a farmer's home
In shade and shine this rose of battle grew,

The White Rose

What time the rolling drum
Announced the crisis of the war at hand,
As Meade pressed swiftly north through Maryland,
And ever closer to Lee's columns drew ;

On that grim, weary march
Rain seldom fell ; the June sun fiercely glowed,
And seemed all things to parch ;
The winds grew still, nor in their motion swung
The dust that round the lithe battalions clung
For miles, on many a winding country road.

The women stood in groups
And watched with tear-wet eyes and smiling lips
The marching of the troops :
The smiles came at the sight of manhood stern
Moving to sacrifice with unconcern ;
The tears were for the battle's drear eclipse
That was so soon to fall
On many a home where then the sunshine slept,—
The shadow of a pall ;
And though their hopes went with the stripes and
stars,
Or lingered far away with stars and bars,
Yet they were women still—and smiled and wept !

The White Rose

And where this rosebud lush
Had blossomed into innocence and peace
Upon its modest bush,
A column halted for a rest at noon,
And the tired soldiers, glad of such a boon,
Flung knapsacks off, stacked arms, and took their
ease.

And there to one that quaffed
From the deep farmhouse well, with careless zest,
A luscious draught,
A fair girl said, scorn lurking round her mouth :
“ Dare these men meet the veterans of the South ? ”
Half earnestly she spoke, and half in jest.

The soldier's serious eyes
An instant flashed, and then grew soft again,
While yet the quick surprise
Was flushing his bronzed cheek ; for he was born
To reverence womanhood, and not to scorn ;
And so disdained to wound her with disdain.

He spoke with quiet grace,
In even tones, a smile both quaint and grave
Upon his firm, strong face :
“ To wear in the next battle give to me

The White Rose

A rose," he said, "and then the rose will see!"
In sober mood she plucked this flower and gave.

It seems another age
When things like these were done; the rose's bloom
He took as battle gage,
And with his laughing comrades went his way,
Well knowing that the columns wide astray
Were fast converging for the day of doom!

O streams of rippling steel
That northward flowed with current ever true!

In thought we watched you wheel
Among the hills, a-winding to and fro,
The weapons sparkling o'er the men below
Like glancing foam above the waves of blue!

We knew your end and source,
And that your torrents, crowned with portents dire,
Would keep their onward course
Till in the battle's plunge, with thunder's roar,
And scorching flames, your cleansing tides should pour
Abroad, and save the nation as by fire!

The first day of July,
Just north of Gettysburg, the fight began
Whose memory will not die.

The White Rose

There lay along the outskirts of a wood
A regiment busy in the work of blood ;
And he that wore the rose watched every man,
 Alert, unvexed, intense, .
And kept the firing cool, and fierce, and fast ;
 In front in column dense
Stern Southern valor formed, and would not flinch,
Nor be denied, yet could not win an inch —
Till, far outflanked, our lines gave way at last.

 Behind the frightened town,
On Cemetery Hill the rout was stayed ;
 And there the men lay down
And slept content among the graves that night,
And there this pallid rose, in soft moonlight,
Upon its wearer's heaving bosom swayed.

 The gathered armies clashed,
And on the circling hills, the second day,
 Incessant cannon crashed ;
And shot and shell tore up each reverent mound
And flung the tombstones' shattered fragments
 round.—

Poor rose, that heard the din of such a fray !
 On the third day, behold !—

The White Rose

It saw the climax of the battle come ;

When calm, and stern, and bold,
The great Virginians charged and could not win,
Though manhood's flower, as they have ever been
In field, and hall, and by the hearth of home.

How proud their column moved
Up the long slope of death with stubborn tread,
Obeying him they loved !

And still against the storm of fire that scourged
Supporting squadrons backward as it surged,
How fierce they held their way unwearied !

Mayhap with other foes
They might have won ; but ever slow to yield
And ever prompt to close
Were Hancock's men ; and the Virginian shaft
That pierced our lines was shattered, head and haft
Within the wound !—And Lee had lost the field.

Amid the eddied smoke,
The groans of dying men, and the glad cheer
Of victory that broke
From hill to hill, this thing of beauty died ;
And he that wore and had forgot it, sighed
And thought of it again as something dear ;

The White Rose

So from his breast he took
The rose and sent it home to have it set
Within this simple book,
The favorite of a girl he loved and lost,
And 'mid the leaves it lingers like a ghost.
Though they be gone, the flower abideth yet ;

And often when I gaze
Into its folds and see these visions fair,
Mine eyes are filled with haze
Of tears for him that wore it true and brave ;
Almost I turn to fling it on his grave
Beside the little flag that flutters there !

Then sigh for power to close
Within the amber clear of poetry

This pale and withered rose
That else must pass and crumble into dust
And squander in some wild and windy gust
The essence I would set in melody,—

The feelings of the time
When first it bloomed ; the deeds of sacrifice ;
The thoughts and acts sublime ;
The scenes of battle with their woe and scathe ;
The courtesy and courage, love and faith—
That I can read within it with mine eyes !

The Captain's Dog.

I.

WE liked Bachellet, a soldier trained and tried
In France's wars ; not only brave but
skilled ;
Who gloried in the regiment's honest pride ;
Who kept his company superbly drilled ;
Who boldly led where many a comrade died ;
And ever to the touch of danger thrilled.
He claimed no kith or kin, nor faith of woman,
But made a dog his friend, and hated no man.

We loved his dog, a giant Newfoundland,
With massive head and eyes of glowing yellow,
With mien, when in repose, serene and grand,
With voice, in rage or glee, deep, rich, and
mellow,
With color like a camp-fire's smouldered brand,—
A very prince of beasts, a gallant fellow

The Captain's Dog

That, come what might of triumph or disaster,
Still cheered us all, and still adored his master.

He was a soldier, not unfeatly trained !

“ Attention ! ” and he reared himself erect,
With head held gravely back, but unconstrained.

“ Right hand salute ! ” The great paw rose direct.
“ ‘ Bout face ! ” He turned with each drill motion
feigned.

Or “ Forward, march ! ” He took with grim effect
The cadence step and not a movement slurred,
But duly wheeled and halted at the word.

A comrade stanch for march or bivouac !

That foraged with a zeal that would not tire,
Stole out, when times were hard, and bro’t us back

Some prisoner pig to simmer on our fire,
And more than paid for coffee and hard tack

With roosters over loud in Southern ire,
Or turkey gobblers prone to strut and brag,
Or inadvertent geese that hissed the flag.

A patriot, moreover, in his way !

Mayhap he did not understand our cause,

The Captain's Dog

Nor care if slaves should still in bondage stay,
Nor prate of constitutions or of laws ;
But to our flag when fluttering to the fray,
He gave due greeting and a dog's applause.
He knew the Northern cheer and loved it well,
And bayed defiance to the Southern yell.

But though a solace on the weary tramp,
Though friendly with us all and debonair,
He owned no doubtful homage in the camp,
But set his master's love beyond compare,
And coiled about his feet in dew and damp,
And kept his tent as lion guards a lair,
And watched his face to catch the lightest sign,
And paid him worship as a thing divine.

II.

'T was on a clear, soft morning in September
We formed for battle thirty years ago—
It seems some startling dream that I remember !
Antietam valley opens far below ;
The eastern hills agleam with dawn's red ember,
Green woods and fields of amber all aglow,

The Captain's Dog

The myriad orchards mellowing in the morn,
The crisp of ripeness rustling in the corn :

And all the valley thrilled with vivid life,
The massing troops in motion far and near,
The bugle's note, drum's roll, and scream of fife,
And here and there at times a distant cheer ;
For either side the stream that named the strife
Our men were mustering ; and bright and clear,
Along the vale, in sudden bloom and flower
Our banners blossomed in their grace and power.

Three miles in dip of vale, on ridge's crown,
The Southern line in expectation stood,
From Burnside's bridge, the right, past Sharpsburg
town,
With left refused along the western wood
By Dunker church athwart the turnpike brown,—
No lack of skill, or faith to make it good ;
And far beyond unseen, to screen the foe,
The fair Potomac bent its silver bow.

With three divisions Hooker moved at dawn
Against their left ; and Gibbon's stanch brigade

The Captain's Dog

Struck down the road from Hagerstown ; and on
Toward the Dunker church pressed undismayed,
The Sixth Wisconsin marching in the van,
And stepping steadily as on parade,
Though crash of cannon seemed to shake the
ground
And filled the tortured air with moaning sound.

We soon deployed our right along the road,
Set rifles ringing to the battle's tune,
And, to their music, slowly onward strode ;
Past Miller's house, while shells about us croon,
We went, and only paused to fire and load ;
The orchard's shelter seemed a blessed boon,
Though bullets, thicker than the farmer's bees
And stinging sharper, hummed among the trees.

Around the church, along the west wood's edges
The fierce fire ran in fury to and fro,
Like rapid flame let loose in prairie sedges ;
And through the curtained smoke we saw it glow,
Where sheltered in outcropping limestone ledges
Full close at hand still clung the desperate foe,

The Captain's Dog

Though Campbell's guns drove close, served brave
and well,
And searched the flanking lines with shot and shell.

Still on our course — advancing through a field
Of overtopping corn that stretched afar ;
That day full many a regiment through it reeled
In honest labor for the reaper war ;
As stalks of fruitful promise break and yield,
So human lives among them shattered are ;
For men fall fast and though our line's unbroke,
Each bullet's blow smites like a hammer stroke.

We gained ; but Jackson watched his shaken lines
With battle instinct true and steady nerve,
The danger from its shadow he divines
And promptly gathers in his last reserve,
And flings it forth athwart our bold designs ;
And spent with toil and fight the bravest swerve,
And to the onset fresh give slowly back —
Half foiled and half victorious our attack.

For every foot of ground our regiment won
It paid a heavy price in sweat and gore,

The Captain's Dog

Each foot it lost fierce toll was levied on,
And shattered for a time it could no more
With brave commander wounded, colors gone,
With dead and dying scattered many a score ;
It melted slowly from the battle's brunt
As the reserves, too late, moved to the front.

III.

The dog, my hero, what of him the while ?
Lost with his master in the battle stream ;
And in the din and that confusion vile
We only guessed at things by glint and gleam ;
We knew the creature with unwonted guile,
When told to bide by wagon and by team,
Had stolen through the fields and joined our march
With tossing tail and glance of triumph arch.

We felt his flitting presence here and there,
Half conscious in the busy battle's stress ;
It ceased, but fading left us unaware.
And some had stayed him for a quick caress,
When dashing vanward with a lordly air
That said : " Wisconsin lads, they 're ours, I
guess—

The Captain's Dog

Press where you see my black tail wave afar !
Catch on, my boys, to Henry of Navarre?"

And some had marked him leap the roadside fence
To meet a rebel charge,—and set the pace ;
Or, through the rifts of battle-vapor dense,
Had watched him check his headlong rush and gaze
With look of wonder, wistful and intense,
Upon a prostrate comrade's stiffening face ;
And turn from every wayward dash aside
To seek his master with an eager stride.

And some had heard his bark of noisy glee
Along the road ; and some his angry bay
To find stretched out beneath an orchard tree
A wounded friend whose life ebbed fast away ;
And some had seen him last just dashing free
Among the corn at crisis of the fray,
Behind Bachelles when he had called and cheered
And caught the fallen flag and disappeared.

IV.

How Mansfield's men retook our ground again ;
How Sedgwick charged away beyond and failed ;

The Captain's Dog

How French, with every energy astrain,
In face of burning farm-houses assailed ;
How Richardson drove on to Bloody Lane,—
Must be in some more epic verse detailed ;
And how slow Burnside won Antietam bridge,
And, crossing, menaced there the southern ridge.

Night fell in sadness, and the morning rose
Upon that vale of death and suffering,
And we could see the army of our foes
Still stretched along the hills, a wounded thing,
That fiercely waits to have the hunter close,
A lion maimed, impatient for a spring.
Night fell again ; and on the second dawn
The cautious hunter found the quarry gone.

v.

We searched the field for comrades dead that day ;
And why rehearse the grievous chronicle,
And tell where this poor fellow crawled away,
How that one looked, or how the other fell ?
But at the furthest limit of the fray,
Stone dead with face to heaven, we found
Bachelle.

The Captain's Dog

And dead across his gallant master's breast,
As if on guard, we found his dog at rest.

The huge paws stretched in front, the eyes astare,
Against the shadows of the western wood,
In poise that meant defiance and despair,
And fearless love and boundless gratitude ;
And under dog and man, half hidden there,
The missing flag stained darkly with their blood.
No wonder in the sombre autumn weather,
We buried them as comrades, both together.

VI.

You sigh, sometimes, my lads, for days gone by,
For large events and deeds of stirring power,
When through the land went freedom's battle-cry,
When time-worn process ended in an hour,
When he who would for good of man might die,
When laurel leaf was set above the flower ;
But why regret the past ? for every age
There comes a work, if not a war to wage.

In war the nation's strength is manifest,
In peace alone it gets its growth and gain ;

The Captain's Dog

In war the nation's courage finds a test,
In peace the virtue comes that bides the strain.
We all may serve the flag ; he serves it best
Mayhap who lives a life without a stain.
A gentle deed may guard, a noble word,
A smile perchance avail it as a sword.

Oh not alone our banner's beauty comes
From strife heroic, battle's smoke and glare,
From bugles blown or from the roll of drums ;
'T is love, and truth, and right that make it fair.
It takes a kindly light from happy homes,
The poet's song, the sage's thought shine there.
We all would die to keep the flag a-flying ;
But let us live to keep it worth such dying !

The Spring at Andersonville.

I AM glad, my boy, that you 've spoken out
And told so frankly your secret doubt.
Let it work its way ; I am not afraid,
But would not hinder, and cannot aid ;
For this is a matter that every soul
Must meet for itself—and spurn control.
And though faith seem false, and though doubt look
true,
There shall be no quarrel between us two !

Before you were born, boy, there was a day
When for me, too, the creed of youth gave way.
Your doubt is a thing of the intellect,
Gentle and sad, with no trace to detect
Of the atheist hate that turns doubt to sect.
It comes of the searching scholarship
That read the secret of wedge-shaped scrip
And pictured sculpture, suggesting man

The Spring at Andersonville

Ere Adam delved and before Eve span.
It comes of science that bends and traces
The story of nature in hidden places,—
Mid types deep set in the rocky ledges
And in types a-swarm in the swampy sedges.
It comes of the new philosophy
That evolves the myriad things that be—
Form, and color, and life, and mind—
From a chaos of matter undefined ;
That sets aside will, and design, and cause,
For the moulding of process under laws.
My doubt was a fierce and bitter thing,
That was born of anguish and suffering,
A stern hard fact in an evil strife
That changed the meaning of death and life,
That came unsought, that was long denied,
That was master at last—and that strangely died.

How did it happen ? You may as well know,
Though I hate to think of that long-gone woe.

There was cleared in a forest of Georgia pine
An ample space, with a grim design.
The trees that had murmured in shadowy glades
Were trimmed and set into stout stockades,

The Spring at Andersonville

And enclosed two slopes to a swampy run
That unshaded steamed in the southern sun.
And stands for sentries at intervals
Rose over the line of the strong pine walls ;
And northward a ridge of entrenchments swept,
And southward the sinuous rifle-pits crept ;
While the muzzles of fourteen cannon frowned
From four forts that the heights at the corners
crowned,
Commanding the stream and the sloping ground.
There were store-house and hospital round about,
And camps for guards in the woods without ;
And beyond, in a stretch of dreary space,
A priestless and coffinless burial place.
'T was a month of summer in Sixty-Four,
When I saw that spot—to forget no more.

You can guess its name. In that prison pen,
With its twenty-five acres of slope and fen,
There were thirty-five thousand hapless men.
They were soldiers once and had worn the blue ;
They were nothing now but a spiritless crew,
A motley concourse, in tatters and rags,
Forgetting the flutter of battle flags—

The Spring at Andersonville

Mere shadows, and wrecks, and skeletons
Of what was a fair humanity once ;
Yet substantial enough for all sufferings
And the breeding and feeding of evil things,
For diseases of blood, and bone, and skin,
For vermin without and death-germs within.
They huddled in tents of torn blankets at night ;
They jostled in groups in the glare of the light ;
They sat on the slopes and looked down on the
gleam
Of the sunshine, untempered, that burned on the
stream,
Or the slime of the swamp that persistently squirms
With the writhing and twisting of sewage worms.

What a life we lived in that tainted air,
On a single ration of wretched fare !
There were some that dug through the stiff red clay,
Though weaker and hungrier day by day,
And lacking the simplest of laboring tools,
Till the water came into the deep rough pools.
There were some, with a stern intent to be free,
That laid patient schemes for their liberty,
And ran tunnels under the tall stockade

The Spring at Andersonville

With a cap for a cart and a spoon for a spade.
There were some that were strangely bent on gain,
And set traffic afoot amid want and pain.
There were some that cheated, and stole, and slew,
Until wrath in our sorrowful city grew,
And, ultimate curse, to meet that guilt,
A gallows within the walls was built.

A blessed comrade, at such a time,
Was he who had travelled in many a clime,
And enlivened the hours of lingering care
With tales of adventure and love elsewhere ;
Or he whose humor no woe could tame,
And whose wit, in the gloom, kept its fitful flame ;
And happy the one in whose mind was store
Of romancers' fancies and poets' lore,
Who could shut his eyes on the ghastly show
And call up bright visions of long ago—
Of primal heroes, of knightly lists,
Of fairy courts, and of lovers' trysts.
For the weeks rolled on ; no exchange was made ;
And the boldest of men grew at heart afraid ;
And each morning we counted, in scores, the dead,
Whose souls in the course of the night had sped ;

The Spring at Andersonville

And it seemed that despair and a dulness drear
Pervaded the very atmosphere.

It was common to see some soldier worn
Rise from the ground with a look forlorn,
And totter away to the dead-line rail,
And sombrely cross that barrier frail,
And take his stand on the fatal spot—
And wait for the sentinel's fancy shot.
It was common to see some comrade mope
Away by himself on the gentle slope
And sit with his shrunken shoulders stooped
And his head on his knees in silence drooped—
To dream of an orchard aglow with buds,
Or a sugar fire in some maple woods,
Or a northern farm-house, white and trim,
Where a mother perchance was dreaming of him.
And we knew he was doomed, for the fatal clasp
Of that yearning for home never loosened its grasp.

I had kept good heart ; I was young and
strong,
But I shuddered to enter that woe-worn throng.
I had met and passed without pang of fear

The Spring at Andersonville

The mangled comrades that drift to the rear
From the storm and stress of the battle's brunt,
As you move to your place on the threatened front,
But I could not encounter undismayed
The ruins of manhood there displayed.
My favorite haunts were the solitudes
Where some crystal river winds through the woods ;
And I could not remain unwearied long
With the barren slope and the listless throng.
From the stream's pollution I turned and sighed,
To remember some plunge in a clear, blue tide ;
Or thought of fair springs in familiar dells,
As I gazed untempted in muddied wells.
I hated filth, and all seemed unclean ;
I hated selfishness, all seemed mean.
I loved my kind ; could I fail to loathe
What I saw in captor and captive both ?

I gloried in strength, yet weakness came.
I was bold and proud ; and yet whelmed in shame.
I despised myself ; nor would I exempt
Aught else from the ban of my harsh contempt ;
And so the worst of my woes began
In losing faith in my fellow-man.

The Spring at Andersonville

I loved the nation, and in the strife,
To serve its cause, I had risked my life ;
But the nation, asserting a plausible lie,
To cover a cold hard policy,
Left its captured soldiers to rot and die.
And I lost my faith in the nation too,
Though I held to my oath of service true.
I revered the creed that the Saviour taught,
And I found it everywhere set at naught—
Save a single priest, not a creature came
To comfort us there in the Saviour's name.
I looked at the want and woe around,
Till the earth itself seemed unhallowed ground.
Who created for strife these warring men,
And looked down serene on this prison pen ?
Who ruled for evil the wretched world
That his breath had into the ether whirled ?
And at last I drew the dread inference
Against a divine Omnipotence,
Or a loving supreme Intelligence.
I said as of old in my scorn of fate :
“ He can and He will not ”—a thing to hate ;
Or, saddest of all our human cries,
“ He will and He cannot ”—a thing to despise.

The Spring at Andersonville

I see you disposed to call a halt
And declare my reasoning all at fault.
“ You think it unfair to condemn mankind
On a single test to one spot confined.”
“ The refusal to grant an exchange,” you say,
“ May have shortened the war by many a day,
And though hard and cruel to foe and friend,
May have proved most merciful in the end.”
“ And why should a creed be straight denied
When men who profess it have merely lied ?”
“ And who may measure eternal years
By his petty personal hopes and fears,
Or from finite knowledge in finite spheres
Assume to fathom, and judge and asperse
The God of a boundless universe ?”
I grant the objections ; but still maintain
That to prove a doubt, or a faith, were vain ;
Conviction is often the most intense
That is formed on imperfect evidence.
I reasoned like skeptics everywhere ;
And a fearful fact was my own despair !

The dead-line rail was a constant lure ;
But a single memory soft and pure

The Spring at Andersonville

Seemed suggesting ever a joy to come,
And a happy life and a love-lit home.
Though I deemed it false it was sweet no less,
And had something of power to soothe and bless.
So I lived to dream of a calm June night
With the clear full moon and the stars alight,
The eve of the morn that we marched away,
When tender thoughts in all hearts held sway,
And a brown-eyed girl had bid me good-bye
At her father's gate, with a smothered sigh.

Ah well, to the end ! On an August eve
Huge billows of clouds began to heave
And hurry across the darkening sky,
And we heard the pines in the forest sigh,
The rush of the wind, and the thunder's crack,
As the lightning leaped through the deepening rack ;
Of a sudden a southern storm had risen,
And broke in splendor above the prison.
How the rain with a hissing swish came down
And drenched the roofs of our tented town !
For hours together the deluge poured,
And the swollen stream in torrents roared ;
It rent a breach in the pine stockade,

The Spring at Andersonville

And the guards on the walls ran off afraid,
And the battery guns in warning bayed —
Discomfort, confusion on every hand,
But withal a sense of the wild and grand !
And in a moment a thing befell
Such as men of old called a miracle.

A spear-like thrust of a lightning flash
Cut into the slope with a sudden gash,
And after the thunder's attendant crash
There followed the sound of a fountain's splash—
The trenchant stroke of the heavenly blade
Had opened a spring near the east stockade !

There came to me in the glory and rush
Of the storm, and the new-born water's gush,
A revival of faith, the quickening sense
Of o'erruling care and providence.
I had felt the glow of a Power divine,
Touched the garment's hem of far-off Design !
I knew ! — through no process of reason's stress,
But a simple fact of my consciousness.
I rose in my rags and my filth elate,
With a heart of cheer for my evil fate ;

The Spring at Andersonville

Though the body was weak the soul felt strong,
And ready to break into jubilant song.
It was mine no longer to pine and mope ;
The way was made for the gush of hope.
It was mine no longer to doubt and fear
And watch my comrades with evil sneer ;
There seemed something immortal in each and all—
In the very guards round the prison wall ;
Yea, even the cruel and cowardly Wirtz
Had a task to do — and its grim deserts.

As when one journeys in darkness on
Till even remembrance of form seems gone,
And the blackness around a gloomy void,
And hidden order as if destroyed —
So had I fared. And then, behold,
It lightens ; the midnight is backward rolled,
And the trees, and the hills, and each grain-clad
field,
And the arching sky are once more revealed ;
And the traveller laughs and takes heart of grace
At the glimpse of the path and quickens his pace—
It was so with me. Though the glory paled,
Its effect remained and its force prevailed.

The Spring at Andersonville

The darkness of misery closed around,
But my soul trod firmly and knew the ground,
And kept the vision of distant heights
Aglow in the flush of supernal lights.
They made a trough for that fountain's flow
That came clear as crystal and cold as snow ;
And daily I drank of its lucent wave,
For it seemed informed with a power to save—
That kept me living which made me brave.

“ The storm was a thing of law,” you say ;
“ Some heated current from far away ;
Some sudden change of magnetic state
That had nothing to do with man or fate.”
It may be so. Let who will insist
That the tempests blow where the scholars list.
“ And the water too was but hidden there
When the stroke of the lightning pierced its lair ;
And it flowed by law from some distant source,
And retook by chance an abandoned course.”
Why not ? For water must have its will
Through lonely valley and lofty hill,
And its secret paths, they be hard to trace,
And we only guess its abiding place.

The Spring at Andersonville

“ Moreover, if God should interfere
On a sudden whim in our paltry sphere,
And suspend universal, eternal laws
In behalf of a human and temporal cause,
Is it well he should do no greater thing
With his thunderbolt than to start a spring ?
His coming should bring an abiding peace,
The captive’s solace in quick release,
The death of sin and the balm of pain,
The lie’s defeat and the truth’s long reign.”
This thought, be assured, was often mine ;
But the knot is one I might ne’er untwine.
Enough that to me, in storm and flame,
My faith in an all-wise Sovereign came.
Without it, my body, this many a day,
Might have mouldered slowly to Georgia clay ;
Without it, this home I might never have seen ;
Without it, you might never have been ;
Without it, she, in the garden there,
Might have felt the sorrow of love’s despair ;
And without it, alas, I might not care !

And so we will not discuss your doubt ;
It cannot be reasoned in or out.

The Spring at Andersonville

Let it work its way ; I am not afraid ;
And would not hinder, and cannot aid.
But though faith seem false and though doubt look
true,
There shall be no quarrel between us two !

The General's Death.

THE general dashed along the road
Amid the pelting rain ;
How joyously his bold face glowed
To hear our cheers' refrain !

His blue blouse flapped in wind and wet,
His boots were splashed with mire,
But round his lips a smile was set,
And in his eyes a fire.

A laughing word, a gesture kind,—
We did not ask for more,
With thirty weary miles behind,
A weary fight before.

The gun grew light to every man,
The cross belts ceased their stress,
As onward to the column's van
We watched our leader press.

The General's Death

Within an hour we saw him lie,
A bullet in his brain,
His manly face turned to the sky
And beaten by the rain.

Women and Soldiers.

TO save the nation with its dower,
The sanctity of home to keep,
To guard fair freedom in its flower,
The soldiers die lest women weep :
The pang of parting pierces deep,
And sorrow brims the tear-dimmed eye
And vexes dream-entangled sleep ;
The women weep that soldiers die.

The storm of battle in its power !
How far the smoky flashes leap,
How fast the lethal rain-drops shower !
The soldiers die lest women weep !
Homeward the battle echoes creep
'Neath incensed arches of the sky,
O'er fields that hireling hands must reap ;
The women weep that soldiers die !

Women and Soldiers

Ah, captive, pining hour by hour,
Or cast in battle's burial heap,
Or held in fever's haunted tower,
The soldiers die lest women weep :
But howsoe'er adown death's steep
They sink with sacrificial sigh,
Drear woe o'er other lives must sweep ;
The women weep that soldiers die !

At any cost one good is cheap—
The soldiers die lest women weep :
And this reward is great and high—
The women weep that soldiers die.

The Returning Volunteers.

WE left the sun-bathed South behind
 'Mid giant-leaved bananas,
'Mid cypress trees with vines entwined,
 And cotton-sown savannas ;
The roses bloomed, the orange shone,
 The fields of rice were flooded ;
But here the winter scarce seemed gone,
 The maples only budded ;
 Yet though the skies wore darker stoles,
 And though the woods grew dumber,
We bore the season in our souls,
 And with us brought the summer !

A winter sad, ah, friends so dear,
 You spent in lonesome sorrow ;
While every moaning wind waked fear
 And bodings for the morrow.
But home we came, and leaves grew green ;
 The good house shakes with laughter,

The Returning Volunteers

Since olden times there has not been

Such joy beneath its rafter.

For though the skies wore darker stoles,

And though the woods grew dumber,

We bore the season in our souls,

And with us brought the summer !

The Reason Why.

DECORATION DAY, 1872.

FAR in the East by Ganges' tide
The subtle, brown-faced Hindus toil ;
They cringe before a master's pride,
They see their land a despot's spoil,
Their olden temples are despised,
They cannot reap the fields they till,
And all sweet things that make life prized
They hold but at a foeman's will.
And why ? They were not bold and brave,
They still contemned the soldier's glaive,
And honored not the soldier's grave.

Between the good old German hills
Far seaward flows the storied Rhine ;
Along the vine-clad banks there thrills
A nation's triumph half divine.
Beyond, the hearths and homes are free,
Life's blessings crown the German race ;

The Reason Why

And through the world where'er he be,
How proudly glows the German's face !
And why ? They were both wise and brave,
They trusted to the soldier's glaive,
They honored still the soldier's grave !

Far cradled in Atlantic seas,
There lies a group of little isles,
Throughout the world in every breeze
Their flag a proud defiance smiles.
Far millions feel their ruling hand,
The orient mines are digged for them ;
The wealth of many a distant land
Is garnered for their diadem.
And why ? They have been wise and brave,
Their scepter was the soldier's glaive,
They honored still the soldier's grave !

On sunny France a pall of woe
Has like a sombre cloud come down,
She saw her loftiest laid low,
She saw the smoke of many a town.
When struggle came her strength gave way,
Yet look—there's danger in her eyes ;

The Reason Why

And nations round her watching say,

“Beware ! The tigress may arise !”

And why ? Though beaten she is brave,

And still she grips the soldier's glaive,

And honors still the soldier's grave !

As wide as any vision's bound

Can clip our broad dominions in,

For peace and freedom, sacred ground,

We hold the land our sires did win.

The rights of all beneath the law

We guard within our rich domain,

We bend to none with slavish awe,

The good of all we dare maintain.

And why ? We have been true and brave,

And boldly grasped the soldier's glaive,

And honored still the soldier's grave.

Mayhap when come those happy morns,

That age the olden poets sang,

When figs spring freely on the thorns,

And luscious grapes from thistles hang,

When round the quiet cottage door

The tigers with the children play,

The Reason Why

When in the heart of man no more
Man's stormy passions hold their sway,
We can forget to praise the brave,
And fling aside the soldier's glaive,
And honor not the soldier's grave !

The Hopes of Man.

OUR past is bright and grand
In the purpling tints of time ;
And the present of our land
Points to glories more sublime.
For our destiny is won ;
And 't is ours to lead the van
Of the nations marching on,
Of the moving hosts of man !

Yes, the Starry Flag alone,
Shall wave above the van
Of the nations sweeping on,
Of the moving hosts of man !

We are sprung from noble sires
As were ever sung in song ;
We are bold with Freedom's fires,
We are rich, and wise, and strong.
On us are freely showered
The gifts of every clime,

The Hopes of Man

And we're the richest dowered
Of all the heirs of Time !

Brothers then, in Union strong,
We shall ever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along
To fulfil the hopes of man !

We are brothers, and we know
That our Union is a tower,
When the fiercest whirlwinds blow,
And the darkest tempests lower !
We shall sweep the land and sea,
While we march, in Union great,
Thirty millions of the free
With the steady stride of fate !

Brothers then, in Union strong,
Let us ever lead the van
As the nations sweep along,
To fulfil the hopes of man !

See our prairies, sky-surrounded !
See our hills with golden veins !
See our waving woods, unbounded,

The Hopes of Man

And our cities on the plains !
See the oceans kiss our strand,
Oceans stretched from pole to pole !
See our mighty lakes expand,
And our giant rivers roll !

Such a land, and such alone,
Should be leader of the van
Of the nations sweeping on
To fulfil the hopes of man !

Yes, the spirit of our land,
The young giant of the West,
With the waters in his hand,
With the forests for his crest,—
To our heart's quick, proud pulsations,
To our shouts that still increase,
Shall yet lead on the nations
To their brotherhood of peace !

Yes, Columbia great and strong
Shall forever lead the van,
As the nations sweep along
To fulfil the hopes of man !

1861.

New York Day at the World's Fair.

IT happens oftener than we deem
That we should do the good unsought, un-
known,
Of which we did not dream ;
That from the good we aimed at we should
swerve,
And in our dear delusion, so subserve
God's purposes, as we defeat our own.

The Genoese who sailed
A westward course, in the wild hope to find
The distant Indies, failed ;
But in the quest for the rich Orient
He touched the fringes of a continent
And gained a nobler blessing for his kind,
Though dying unaware
Of the full fruitage of his enterprise

New York Day at the Fair

And all its glory rare,
And half believing Orinoco's tide,
Far shining through the tropic forests wide,
The stream around the earthly Paradise.

The Englishman who sought
A land-locked passage unto far Cathay
In vain, not vainly wrought ;
Since the great city of the younger World
Has risen where his weary sails were furled,
And Hudson sings his name in crooning spray.

The earnest multitudes
That hither came from many a distant strand
And braved the solitudes,
After the hope of brilliant conquest failed,
And the fierce fever of adventure paled,
Thought little of the future of the land.
These simply yearned for peace ;
These for the right to conscience and to creed,
And hate's surcease ;
And all rejoiced to hold some share of soil,
Content to spend themselves in honest toil,
And wait the harvest from the planted seed.

New York Day at the Fair

With nature face to face,
From old condition and convention free,
They grew in power and grace ;
Alert, elate, resourceful, confident,
By wood and stream unawed they came and went
And drew the breath of ancient liberty.

They had for heritage
Old Europe's maxims and experience
Of soldier, slave, and sage ;
But earth was round them in her virgin youth,
From her they caught at primal right and truth,
And touched the meanings of Omnipotence.

They never sought, in sooth,
The Eden visioned in Columbus' mind,
Nor Leon's fount of youth,
Nor cared if Raleigh's golden city gleam
Afar in maze of misty hill and stream,
Nor wished to voyage after Hudson's Ind.
They toiled, and blest the spade ;
They fought and did not scorn to praise the sword ;
They kept the laws they made ;
They hated privilege and laughed at birth
That brought no heritage of grace and worth ;
They suffered and submitted to the Lord.

New York Day at the Fair

And when occasion rose,
Each frankly pledged his honor, fortune, life,
Against oppressive foes ;
And fusing into loving brotherhood
In flame of sacrifice and smoke of blood,
There came a nation from the happy strife—
In all things brave and new,
With realms of mountain, lake, and sky-bound
plain,
And to this teaching true—
Man's dignity, equality of men,
A sovereignty in every citizen,
The people's good the guaranty to reign.

O sailors, bold and brave,
Of olden time, that took the wandering spray
And climbed the unknown wave,
Although we give to each due meed of fame,
And wreath with laurel every sea-sweet name,
Ye did not find nor make America !
The hope, the love, the thought
Of millions joined to nourish as it grew ;
The toil of ages wrought
Through nature's ample dower of mine and field,

New York Day at the Fair

And many a soldier fell across his shield,
Ere we could pause to find your sea-dreams true ;—
 Lo, many a costly bale
Beyond the scope of Asian caravan ;
 A fountain in the vale
Whose mists resolve the time-worn race's ills ;
 A golden city in the distant hills ;
Almost an Eden for regenerate man !

No wonder we rejoice !
Yet breaking through the jubilee of praise
 There comes a warning voice,
 The tale of those that won but could not hold,
 Of those that rose with steel and fell with gold,
The great republics of the ancient days.

 A touch of selfish greed,
The taint of luxury in social health,
 The hates of class or creed,
 The lure in politics to civic guilt
 Might sap the stately home the Fathers built
And take the household spirit as by stealth ;
 And in some coming time,
A generation might arouse in fear

New York Day at the Fair

And sense of loss and crime,
To find the New World faith and feeling dead,
The Old World's standards ruling in their stead,
And nothing but another Europe here !

Due honor to the lands
From which we sprung ; all hail the ancient fame
Of kindred hearts and hands !
But we began with all that they had won,
A counsel of perfection calls us on ;
To do no more than they have done were shame.

'T were better far, I hold,
To see the Iroquois supreme once more
Among the forests old,
From hill-girt Hudson's current broad and slow,
To where 'twixt Erie and Ontario
Leaps green Niagara with a giant's roar ;
To see the paths pursued
By commerce with her flying charioteers
Tangled with solitude,
The Indian trail uncoil among the trees,
The council runner's torch against the breeze
Its signal fling—" the smoke that disappears " ;

New York Day at the Fair

To have the wigwams rise
By summer-haunted Horicon so fair ;
Fruit blooms and grain-gold dyes
Fade from the shadows in Cayuga's tide,
The vineyards fail on Keuka's sun-beat side,
The mill-crowned cliffs of Genesee made bare.
'T were more to my desire
To see Manhattan's self laid desolate,
Drear as another Tyre,
Her palaces in ruins overset,
Her shores begirt with weed and drying net,
And not a lettered stone to tell her fate !
Yea, and her rival here,
Arising like the dome of Kubla Khan
In poet's vision clear,
Dissolved as swift again along the strand
To grassy swamps and dunes of sifted sand,
Spurned by the scornful spray of Michigan !

Such things must come again,
Wherever in their hope and virtue rise
A race of wise, free men ;
But what were grain field, railway, granite street,
Or golden ornament, or gallant fleet,

New York Day at the Fair

If he who made, whose service glorifies,
Should suffer, shrink, and dwarf,
In plain, or mart, or by his factory wheels,
Or on the crowded wharf?—
Since not the mountain in his cloudy stole,
Nor the great sea, outranks the conscious soul
That knows their glory and their beauty feels !

But out on dreams of dread !
In him I put my working faith and trust,
A king in heart and head,
Who masters forces, shapes material things,
Who loves his kind, whose common sense has
wings,
The true American, the kindly just,
Full prompt in word and deed,
And ready, to make good some human hope
In time of utter need,
To cross at Delaware the ice's gorge,
Or tread blood-boltered snow at Valley Forge,
Or keep at Gettysburg the gun-shook slope !

And greater faith I ask
For that mysterious power that watches o'er

New York Day at the Fair

The workman at his task ;
That shapes his effort to the higher aim
And will not let his straying fingers frame
A graven thing—to worship and adore.

Riding to Battle.

BEFORE the cock began to crow
We took our morning meal,
And by the torch's trembling glow
We girt ourselves in steel ;
While wintry thoughts around us fell
Like blossom showers in June,
For weal or woe we bade farewell
At setting of the moon.

As from the castle-court we rode
And down the village street,
Faint signs of dawn far eastward showed,
The larks rose up to greet ;
A swell of sorrow's sprayless wave,
A sad, foreboding pang,
Marked every stride our chargers gave,
And every weapon's clang.

But morn grows bright ; the scented wind
Folds back across the hills

Riding to Battle

The curtains of the mist untwined
From meadows veined with rills.
Past maid and churl in sad amaze
We hold our stern advance,
Till sheaves of light with greeting rays
Illumine every lance.

How all our spirits feel the charm !
Hopes quicken one by one ;
Dead joys in every heart rise warm,
Touched by the wizard sun ;
Our leader turns with smiling face
And vails his flowing crest
To kiss the sign of lady's grace
That's bound about his breast.

No kerchief in my helmet shines,
No silken sleeve or glove ;
I watch our long advancing lines,
Our banner folds above.
Whate'er may come, I cannot care,
I wait without a sigh ;
My past it roundeth full and fair,
If I this day should die !

The Last of His Race.

THOUGH many a friend of mine be gone,
And squandered many a pleasure,
This world seems fair to look upon
And rich with varied treasure :
There 's honey's scent, and taste of wine,
And landscape tinted mellow ;
There 's many a summer blossom fine,
And fruit of autumn yellow.

For youth's sweet sake, I trust that all
Old beauties round us cluster ;
For me the rose leaves daily fall
And glories lose their lustre.
I take no joy in deed or dream,
Nor care for night or morrow :
But like a lily on its stream
My heart rocks in its sorrow.

I 've gaily rode through wheaten fields
Of amber stem and tassel ;

The Last of His Race

I've watched the sheen of ordered shields ;
I've spent long nights in wassail ;
I've felt the thrill in heralds' calls
And in the ring of lances ;
And harpers, singing in old halls,
Have wrapt me into trances ;

I've seen the palm tree wave and wail
Within a crumbled palace
And ivy over altars trail
That shrined the Holy Chalice ;
I've known the joy of swaying man ;
I've felt the love of woman ;
I've stood by friends when red blood ran—
And never shrank from foeman.

But, ah, what matter that I ride
Beside my monarch's bridle,
And in the council halls decide,
And move the soldiers' idol ?
You'll sleep the same when you lie down
Upon your earthen pillow,
Whether you win a laurel crown
Or wear a wreath of willow !

A Cavalier's Sword-Song.

COME kiss my gallant sword,
And sprinkle it with wine ;
This night it won its lord
A joy and hope divine !

Oft in these gloomy days
That cloud our stormy isle,
It earned a leader's praise—
To-night a woman's smile !

Behind its point, secure,
Oft life and honor lay—
To-night it guarded pure
A richer prize than they.

Once did the steadfast blade
Our monarch's safeguard prove—
To-night the steel was swayed
In loyalty to love !

A Cavalier's Sword-Song

With myrtle and the rose
Entwine it for the stroke ;
In them it brighter glows
Than decked with bay or oak !

Wandering.

THE water bubbles o'er the gravel,
It laughs a moment and is gone ;
It would be still if it were stone,
But ripples know enough to travel.

The misty forms afloat up yonder,
Like ships whose sails a fair wind fills,
Might rest forever were they hills,
But clouds are wise and fain would wander.

The wind it is a merry rover,
And bends to kiss the rose's lips ;
But from embracing arms it slips,
For roses elsewhere wait a lover.

The little bird, too, is a roamer
That flies and sings with joyous zest ;
He owns a house ? Ah, no ; his nest
Is but a cottage for the summer !

Wandering

And over all the Queen of Gipsies,
The changeful moon roves through the skies,
The dearer to our mortal eyes,
For all her phases and eclipses.

The spot we're in belongs to sorrow ;
Why should we suffer from its stress,
When we may search for happiness
And hit on Paradise to-morrow ?

The moon may know its place? I'll follow.
The ripples tell? I'll trace their sound.
If wind and cloud be thither bound,
I'll watch ; and I'll pursue the swallow.

If the Wind Rise.

AN open sea, a gallant breeze
That drives our little boat—
How fast each wave about us flees,
How fast the low clouds float !
“ We ’ll never see the morning skies,
If the wind rise.”
“ If the wind rise,
We ’ll hear no more of earthly lies.”

The moon from time to time breaks out,
And silvers all the sea ;
The billows toss their manes about ;
The little boat leaps free.
“ We ’ll never see our true love’s eyes,
If the wind rise.”
“ If the wind rise,
We ’ll waste no more our foolish sighs.”

She takes a dash of foam before,
A dash of spray behind ;

If the Wind Rise

The wolfish waves about her roar,

And gallop with the wind.

“We'll see no more the woodland dyes,

If the wind rise.”

“If the wind rise,

We'll weep no more man's miseries.”

The sky seems bending lower down,

And swifter sweeps the gale ;

Our craft she shakes from keel to crown,

And dips her fragile sail.

“We may forgive our enemies,

If the wind rise.”

“If the wind rise,

We'll sup this night in Paradise.”

At the Place of Wailing.

WHAT balm is there in loud lament,
Or solace in the salt of tears?
Can age's croon give me content,
Or childhood's plaint soothe manhood's fears?
No matter; like the sick man's whine,
As much a pang as a relief,
I pour this nightly wail of mine—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief!

Hope's mirage long ago went down,
And faded fancy's tropic weeds;
All sunken under doubt's dark frown
The trusts that pillared up my creeds!
What thrills were of ambition born;
What comfort twined round firm belief;
How sweet seemed love, both flower and thorn—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief!

Truths I had deemed might never fail
I've seen confuted one by one;

At the Place of Walling

Money and might o'er right prevail ;
A gifted soul die out unknown ;
A self-proud fool win wide applause ;
Malice exile a noble chief ;
Hot hatred warp the deep-grooved laws—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief !

A bright illusion still did bloom,
That one rich heart all pangs would pay,
And somewhere from the crib to tomb
Near Paradise would wind my way.
Far doth such consolation seem,
And since the frost has touched the leaf,
'T is vain of flower and fruit to dream—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief !

“ Creations of a sickly brain,
Vague shapes of phantom woes are these.”
What then is labor's overstrain,
And debt, and failure, and disease,
And strife within a home once blithe ?
Behold mine ills, a woful sheaf,
With self-contempt for binding wythe—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief

At the Place of Weeping

So made to love the good and fair,
A sybarite in heart and mind,
A cruel lot is mine to bear—
Thistles and tares to reap and bind.
Lethe for me were wine of bliss ;
A welcome guest the final thief ;
Like love's first pledge a fever's kiss—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief !

So made a tropic sea to sail,
And drink in joy mid-summer's calm,
Where Cuban winds all eve exhale
The honey's scent, the flowers' balm,
I northward drive with night around ;
My sleet-stiff sails I cannot reef ;
The autumn gale aloft doth sound—
Ah me, my black and bitter grief !

Her Hands.

SOMETIMES I sit and try to trace,
In memory's records dim and faint,
The features of my mother's face,
With the calm look of gentle grace
That marked our household's quiet saint.

The innocence of her blue eyes,
The winning smile about her lips,
Child-simple and yet woman-wise,
Her shining hair, her modest guise,
All come in turn ; each fades and slips.

I try to fix them, but in vain ;
They waver, and yet will not fuse,
Howe'er imagination strain
To form the face that it would feign—
Till on a sudden, as I muse,

There comes a thought of her dear hands,
All wrinkled, tanned, and labor-worn—

Her Hands

And there the simple woman stands,
To meet her duty's hard demands,
 Among the children she has borne !

No work nor written word remains,
 Nor picture worthy to approve ;
But read in knotted joints and veins,
And tendons strong, and honest stains,
 The tale of service and of love !

O hands of ministry, that wrought
 In constant care, through weal and woe,
Nor rest by crib or coffin caught,
This pang is mine—I never thought
 To kiss your fingers long ago !

The Arab Poets.

THE caliph Abdalmelik, in whose reign
The Saracenic conquest spread from Spain
To Hindustan, though full of cares of state
And vexed with plots of rivals, small and great,
Loved poets and their praise, nor wanted time
To test himself the devious ways of rhyme.
Cruel he was in policy and deed,
Yet seemed he gentler hearted than his creed.
He liked sweet things, although so foul of breath
Flies touched his face to flutter to their death ;
His bounty, that came else as sweat from stone,
Flowed free, it seemed, for poetry alone.
Full oft the mouth that spoke a happy phrase
Was filled with jewels for the words of praise,
And not to singers did the caliph stint
The Arabian coins he was the first to mint.
He called about him, when in gloom one day,
Three poets, masters of the lyric lay,
Young Omar, Djamil, and the gay Kutheir,
And in the midst he set a camel rare

The Arab Poets

With load of gold, and said : “ His prize it proves
Who sings the tenderest strain of her he loves.”

Kutheir began, and, confident and strong,
He sang his mistress' praise in this gay song :

“ By father's beard, I swear, and mother's name,
That Azza's rivals well may blush for shame !

“ When lovely women come to me and sue,
And whisper Azza is not fair and true,

“ I laugh in scorn ; their cheeks are not as sweet
To me as are the soles of Azza's feet.

“ Should my love, Azza, and the Morning Star
Contend as to whose glories brighter are,

“ No judge would hesitate to grant the prize
Unto the beauty of my Azza's eyes ! ”

Tradition says that Djamil's love was worn
And thin, but that he laughed the fools to scorn

The Arab Poets

Who saw her only with their eyes, nor knew
How rich her mind was, and her heart how true.
The girl he wooed in many a tender strain
And won, he thought of then, and sang again :

“ I swear, Butheima—and in very sooth
Let blindness strike me if I swear untruth—

“ By every consecrated beast I swear,
For which the altar waits, the knife lies bare,

“ That love has crushed my heart, and I am fain
To wish life ended, weary with the pain !

“ But if, when I am dead, some exorcist
Should seek to start this pulse again—Oh, list !

“ One word from my beloved's lips will call
Me back to life, and put aside the pall ! ”

A love unsatisfied lit Omar's eyes ;
He sang, I think, forgetful of the prize :

“ Oh, I could die content, if thy fair face
I might but kiss as death drew on apace !

The Arab Poets

“ And I should lie serene in death's eclipse
Anointed with the dew of thy dear lips.

“ Yea, death itself to me were very sweet,
Embalmed with tears and dust of thy fair feet.

“ Oh, if Suleima in one grave might dwell
With me, as comrade,—welcome heaven or hell !”

The caliph unto Omar made a sign :

“ O friend of hell, both beast and gold are thine !”

Sleeping and Waking.

I THOUGHT of my love,
And dreamed of the richest of gardens ;
And glad with the scent of the roses,
I wakened and thought of my love.

I longed for my love,
And dreamed of a tropical fruitage ;
And tasting the orange and apple,
I wakened and longed for my love.

I sighed for my love,
And dreamed of a wonderful vintage ;
And warm with its nectarous liquor,
I wakened and sighed for my love.

I hoped for my love,
And dreamed of a sunset in summer ;
And bathed in the rays of its splendor,
I wakened and hoped for my love.

Sleeping and Waking

I yearned for my love,
And dreamed that her arms were around me ;
And thrilled with the touch of her kisses,
I wakened and yearned for my love.

After Reading Sordello.

AS when we watch a landscape in a mist,
See here the cross of a great spire break
through,

Note there a coil of silver river twist,

Mark yonder, half revealed, a mountain blue
Struggle above the wind-blown vapors gray,
Hear lowing kine in many an unseen field,

And soft-toned bells in the dim distance swung,
And, baffled sense to fancy giving way,

We fall to muse on what may lie concealed

Where the thick fleeces of the air are flung ;—

So he that reads Sordello's story, sees

Through misty chaos of the song, arise

Dim Alps, dim Apennines, dim olive trees,

And phantom spires thrust up to purple skies
From river-girdled cities, with the din

Of all the Middle Ages echoing,—

After Reading Sordello

The clash of arms, the slaughtered women's
screams,

The war cries of the Guelph and Ghibelin,
The strife of mind and force, of Pope and King ;
And on the fruitful gloom intent, he dreams.

Here is a garden ; many a silken tent,
Dyed brighter than the flowers, is with the green
And gold of orange fruit and foliage blent ;
The judges of the Court of Love convene,
Gay dames that throng, as bright and full of bliss
As olden goddesses, round one with eyes
Clear as the diamonds in her coronet.
Ah, happy troubadour, whose task it is
To sing her praise ! Her heart she makes a prize
And gives it with the Golden Violet !

Unmanly vision ! Let us put aside
The minstrel's harp—take on the cross. Behold
The hot drear plain before us, as we ride,
The hot sky like a burning scroll unrolled
Above us ! Hear the shrill, loud Lelies thrill !
Commend you to the saints, good gentlemen,
Strike deep your spurs, lay lances low in rest,
The Holy City lies beyond the hill !

After Reading Sordello

Welcome the onset of the Saracen

And Frank, false faith and true, the East and
West !

Do contest fierce and distant triumph pall?

And court of love and knightly tournament?

Come, let us sit upon this convent wall,

Apart from list and bower and silken tent,

And hear the undertone of misery

Unnoted rising from the peasant world.

What say you? Shall the Holy Church endure
To see the virtues bound, the passions free,

The flags of civil discord never furled,

The nobles' pride, the sufferings of the poor?

Not vain the fancies ! Though so long ago

The language died in which you dream your
song ;

Though the crusaders failed, and the fierce flow

Of Moslem power, once terrible and strong,

Ebbs slowly to its Asian source, despised ;

Though Italy be free from strange control,

After long havoc of the foreign hordes,

And crowned in Rome, at her own joy surprised,

After Reading Sordello

The rival states informed as with one soul,
A nation stands girt round with native swords.

No, not in vain ! For still the human heart
Beats the same measure ; old and new are one
To hope, and love, and right ; they have no part
In change of clime or process of the sun ;
And for the tears in other ages shed
Our tears may flow ; and for a good blow dealt
Ere Christ himself was born our pulses leap.
'T is poet's praise, though of forgot or dead
He gives us dreams, we wake with fervor felt
To hope and hold the path howe'er so steep.

A Lullaby.

IN Sleepy Town
They think a night-cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace
And all good people take their ease :
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is lord mayor of Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
The wheels are shod with eider-down,
The pavements all are silk and wool ;
The quiet there is beautiful :
A bumble-bee in gold-black gown
The beadle is in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare ;
But gentle twilight reigneth there,

A Lullaby

While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair in Sleepy Town.

For Sleepy Town
We'll mount a cloud of vapor brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands :
O'er valley's rim and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.

Vespers.

THE house of God my palace is,
Its chancel is my home ;
The shadows down its aisles are dear,
The sunshine through its dome.

On altars grand the tapers glow
'Mid lilies set in palms ;
The organ breathes its deep refrain
To David's wondrous psalms.

Yes, raise to Him His noblest songs,
O all ye choral tones ;
Lift up to Heaven your graven heads,
O all ye sculptured stones !

Let wax-lights burn and roses bloom,
And fume of incense rise ;
Let tinted sunrays gild the shrine,
And gleam of praying eyes !

Vespers

I love to hymn my country's praise ;
To think how heroes died ;
All litanies of noble deeds
I chant with joyous pride ;

But richer far the solace proves
Of sitting at Thy feet ;
Thy tabernacles, oh, how fair !
Thine adoration sweet !

What Was My Dream ?

I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream.—DANIEL, ii., 3.

WHAT was my dream? Though consciousness
be clear,

I hold no memory of the potent thing,

Yet feel the force of it—a creeping fear,

A hope, a horror, and a sense austere

Of revelation, stayed at thought's extreme ;

As when the wind is passed, the pines still swing ;

Or when the storm has blown, the waves yet
fling

To shore the battered corpse and shattered
beam ;

So sways my troubled mind. What was my
dream ?

What was my dream? A heath, starlit and wide,

With marching giants marshalled to and fro

What Was My Dream ?

As if for strife? A moonlit river's tide,
Where every form I love may be descried
 Afloat and past all effort to redeem?
A garden rare, with Nature all aglow
Among her fruits and flowers, that as they grow,
 Breathe perfumed melody, full glad to teem
With every germ of life? What was my
 dream ?

What was my dream? A distant, unknown world
 That elemental ether doth immerse,
With matter in a wild disorder hurled
And primal forces in contention whirled,
 A senseless demon over all supreme,
Who seeks with apish malice to reverse
Creative influences, and coerce
 A universe to death, and bring its scheme
To chaos whence it came? What was my
 dream ?

What was my dream? Some Indian sage's scroll
 May keep for me, perchance, a glimpse or glint ;
Some Hebrew prophet's vision may unroll
Its veils and show this secret of the soul ;

What Was My Dream?

At times, among the murmurs of a stream,
I catch the far, faint echo of a hint,—
Or seem to feel in some suggestive tint,
Where golden glories of the sunset gleam,
A presence unrevealed. What was my dream?

What was my dream? A silver trumpet blown
Thrills with a touch of the strong mystery ;
The buds of spring, the leaves of autumn strown,
The tempest's flashing blade and braggart tone
Remind me of the unremembered theme.
Where billows curve along the shining sea,
It breaks through lucent green in foamy glee,
And hides uncaught ; not seldom do I deem
Love's sigh its harbinger. What was my
dream?

Unconquered.

ON a bed of pansies a shield was tossed ;
There were careless spears through the roses
crossed ;

A sword from an orange branch was swung,
And beside the acacia a matchlock flung ;
On an almond bush did a saddle sway,
While a tent-pole broke the mimosa's spray ;
And the scented grasses and flowers in bloom
Were trampled into a strange perfume.

In shadow of tree and arbor's shade
Sunburnt soldiers asleep were laid ;
At the edge of the lake the war horse drank,
Or laved in the tide his heated flank,
While the camels, where lily and lotos blow
Waded and caught at their floating snow.
You might hear on the terrace the sentinel's tramp ;
The wood was heaped for the watchfire's lamp ;
The palace garden was turned a camp.

Unconquered

Within the palace the victor Khan
Strode to and fro, an exultant man.
Glad had he been for the labor done,
Glad at the thought of the glory won,
And glad in the hope of a viceroy's crown,
For a realm restored and a feud put down ;
But the visions of gold, and fame, and power
That thronged his mind for a busy hour,
Like a civic rout that precedes and greets
Some potent prince in a city's streets,
Had but ushered in and left his soul
To one passionate thought's supreme control :
The rebel's wife was among the spoils,
The woman he loved was in his toils !
And though rich Mandù on its table land—
In a sea of green gardens a marble strand,
Whose cliffs were the turret and parapet,
The temple dome and the minaret—
Seemed a noble prize, 't was a thing disdained,
Compared to the captive who now remained
Dishevelled, and wan, and tear-bestained,
A slave in the palace where once she reigned.

Within the zenana, the joyous song,
The rippling laugh of the gossiping throng,

Unconquered

And the merry calling from room to room
Were hushed ; for the women abode their doom.
They glided like ghosts through the curtained doors,
Their feet fell noiseless on rug-clad floors,
They met to whisper what each divines,
Or passed unheeding, on vague designs.
On the mirror yesterday's dust was spread,
And yesterday's rose in its vase lay dead,
The censer with yesterday's ashes filled
On a Cashmere veil was unnoticed spilled,
And, caught in the hookah's jewelled globe,
Lay tangled a rich Benares robe.
On the floor of her favorite chamber thrown,
The mistress of all met her grief alone.
She lay, half hid in her flowing hair,
Like a corpse, forgot in the cushions there.

She was fair ; not fairer the girl whose smile
Won lordship o'er Egypt and sacred Nile,
When she slid unadorned from the merchandise
To encounter the glance of Cæsar's eyes.
She was wise ; not wiser the prophetess
Whom excess of knowledge did curse not bless,
When she wandered on Ida and saw in trance
The phantom galleys of Greece advance.

Unconquered

In all the lands of the Ganges' course
Between torrid ocean and glacier source,
Men whispered the tale of her beauty and grace
And had waking dreams of her wondrous face ;
In the bustle of camps, in the prison's gloom,
At the lover's tryst, at the hero's tomb,
In the pomp of courts, and where rustic glee
Laughs under the shade of the village tree,
They sang her songs wherein each one found
The food of a passion or balm of a wound.

Like a child in its play the fountain plashed,
The garden wind came in unabashed
And caught at her vesture with joyous clasp
And knotted her hair in its soft bold grasp ;
But she lay unnoting, and waited still
For the last decree of the conqueror's will.

She had offered for ransom wealth untold
In hidden jewels and hoarded gold.
" I am master of all save the arching sky ;
Mine own," he said, " it were folly to buy."
For a generous mercy then she sued
And pledged him a generous gratitude.

Unconquered

“ Mere pity were scanty grace,” he said ;
“ I will grant her the boon of love instead.”
For freedom to follow her lord she prayed,
Though she went in a beggar’s rags arrayed.
“ It were wiser,” retorted her captor grim,
“ To be merry with me than go weep with him.”
She asked for her purity reverence,
And pleaded her love in her own defence,
She invoked man’s honor, and woman’s faith,
The scorn of time, and eternal wrath ;
Whatever the noble of heart revere,
Whatever the tender of heart hold dear,
Whatever the evil of heart may fear.
“ Go, tell her,” he said, in fierce disdain,
“ That these girlish tears are untimely rain.
Let her fling away sorrow and spread a feast
When moonrise illumines the hills in the east.
I have dreamed of the welcome wherewith he is
 blest
That comes to the home of a houri as guest,
And is met at the portal with smiling eyes,
Whose glance is an earnest of paradise :
If the lover may not such a greeting crave,
The master will visit his stubborn slave.”

Unconquered

She rose when the evil message came,
Her pale face flushed with a noble shame,
And her dark eyes lit with a scornful flame.
She flung off her weary and listless air,
She threw back the silk of her tangled hair,
The coward Hope seemed no longer fair,
And she smiled a welcome on bold Despair !

“ Bear back this greeting to Adham Khan,”
It was thus her answering message ran,
“ When the moon swings clear of the eastern hill,
A submissive captive shall wait his will.”

She clapped her hands ; the imperative sound
Brought her eager slaves in a throng around.
“ Come, trim these chambers in festival guise,
Away with misgivings and tears and sighs.
A conqueror looks for joy, not dole ;
Be bright and fair : it is woman’s role.
My beauty shall shine at its best to-night,
If never again to yield man delight.”
They made her aglow with baths of milk,
They girt her about with the softest silk,
And they flung rich vesture in many a fold

Unconquered

Of snowy whiteness just edged with gold
O'er her sloping shoulders and made a nest
For the doves, that were twins, of her gentle
breast.

The sea of her hair with its waves of jet
They gathered as into the folds of a net ;
In the dusky currents, like stars in a stream
Did emeralds shimmer and diamonds gleam.
And all that the odorous East finds sweet,
From the lily water that wet her feet
To the henna that stained her finger tips,
And the salve of roses that touched her lips,
She breathed ; and each motion sent sweet perfumes
Through the languid air of the lofty rooms,
Where the damsels had set among palm-tree glooms
The sheen of lotos and lily blooms.

She looked in the mirror with mocking stare,
And laughed at the loveliness imaged there.
A strange white statue of grace divine,
Seemed animate with a power malign.
She glanced in scorn at the banquet spread,
“ You forget the forbidden wine,” she said,
And passed unheeding the dainty meats,

Unconquered

The tropic fruitage, the quaint conceits
In cake and confect, and sirup and ice,
And tinted jellies of rare device
In glitter of crystal and gold displayed—
You could not choose between sheath and blade.
She moved to the casement and turned her eye
With a lingering look and a soft low sigh,
To the gleam at the edge of the eastern sky :

“ Oh, woman,” she murmured, “ is faint and frail,
And shifts to the wind like a galley’s sail.
She can cleave no path to a goal in view,
And her foot is false when her heart is true.
She has no weapon but beauty’s lure,
And, temptress ever, can she keep pure ?
Climb slowly the mountain, O silver moon,
I would thou wert weighted with leaden shoon !

“ Is a woman happy ? Behold her lord
Is cunning in barter or skilled with the sword.
Should he fail in a contest to hold his own,
She goes down like a vine round a tree overthrown.
Self-centered, substantial, she was not made,
But the shadow of man, himself a shade.

Unconquered

Climb slowly the mountain, O silver moon,
I would the pines might thy course oppugn !

“ This world is man’s ; in the world to come
It is said few women may find a home.
I bless the gods for the strange decree
That sets us in death’s oblivion free,
And creates for our masters new sources of joys
In a womanless world and with other toys.
Climb slowly the mountain, O silver moon,
For unending gloom were a better boon ! ”

There was hung at her bracelet a tiny flask,
In whose glow did a cold white liquid bask ;
She arched her arms o’er her mournful face
And dangled the toy in its happy place.
“ O font of delicious balm,” she said,
“ For heart that suffers and aching head !
O remedy rare of sad life’s disease,
Elixir that brings an eternal peace,
And solvent strong of all mysteries ! ”
She set its lips to her lips and quaffed
The flask’s contents at a single draught.
She turned away with a languid pace,

Unconquered

She sank in the cushions with careless grace
And drew her mantle across her face.
“Let him come,” she sighed, “if to come he list ;
He will find me faithful and biding tryst.”

But Adham Khan from a balcony
Watched the twilight falling o'er wood and lea ;
The laugh of his soldiers resounded clear,
A nightingale sang in a rose-tree near,
And the earth's repose seemed full pure and calm,
With the dew like incense, the winds like balm :
“The quarry,” he muttered, “has led the chase
For many a mile at a gallant pace ;
She has dodged and doubled with cunning wile,
Over stream, and plain, and through rough defile,
And turned at last—it is woman's way—
With pretty courage to stand at bay.
Climb swiftly the mountain, O silver moon,
I would thou wert shod with wingéd shoon !

“Ah, strange pursuit where the hunter gains
Not seldom the prize of a captive's chains ;
Where the quarry is fleeing from love, not hate,
And may dread escape as an evil fate ;

Unconquered

Where the end of the chase, though fierce its stress,
Is not death, nor disaster, but happiness.
Climb swiftly the mountain, O silver moon
For thy light to-night is a priceless boon !

“ The dull delights of the world to be
I dread, so fair is this world to me ;
The immortal damsels that come unsought
May lack the charm of a woman caught,
That resisting ever is ever bent,
And is happy, yielding—o’ercome, content.
Swing clear in the azure, O silver moon,
But bend to the westward not oversoon ! ”

He turned ; through the arch of the marble hall
Rang the sullen clang of his armed footfall.
At the sound of his quick, imperious stride,
The zenana portals swung open wide ;
And he crossed the threshold and stood among
The obsequious slaves in his pathway flung.
A gracious sign gave them leave to rise,
While a question gleamed in his eager eyes ;
“ She is sleeping,” they said, and pointed on
To an inner doorway with curtains drawn.

Unconquered

They watched as he went, and some sighed low :
“ Ah, heartless woman, to slumber so ! ”
Some whispered : “ The fate of all may lie
In the curve of her lip, or the glance of her eye.”
And others sneered : “ She has learned the way
To bind the captor and still hold sway.”
There is silence sweeter than songs of birds,
There may be welcome that needs no words.
The hope of it soothed him with subtle joy
And touched the rough soldier to lovesick boy ;
The lamps that were burning with strong perfume
Revealed glitter of feast and garlands' bloom,
And the form of stature and curve divine
That lay in the cushions and gave no sign.
The air of the place made his senses swoon ;
It was rich and still as a woods in June.
“ She has smoothed our meeting with happy wile,”
He thought, and advanced with a mocking smile ;
But she lay so quiet and seemed so chill,
He felt the heart in his bosom thrill.
He bent above her, where, palm in palm,
Her hands were crossed in a child-like calm.
He drew back the mantle ; the lamp's quick glare
Lights her pallid beauty with ghostly flare :

Unconquered

Like snow is the touch of her finger tips,
The smile is set round her arching lips,
Through their coral portals no murmur trips,
No glance from under her eyelid slips,
The wave of her bosom nor heaves nor dips—
She lies in the shadow of death's eclipse.

It is good to think as we watch him there
O'er the corpse of a victim so pure and fair,
That a term is set to his pride and power ;
That his master's patience ebbs hour by hour ;
That a day will come when his insolence
Will hurry him into a last offense—
When Akbar, weary of fond reproof,
Will have him hurled from the palace roof,
To be crushed, with mangled body and bones,
A distorted mass on the courtyard stones !

Wine Song.

WE lay beside the stream to rest,
And in a shady pool,
Between two rippling rifts, we set
A flask of wine to cool.

It was a sweet October day,
With all the woods aglow ;
We talked, we dreamed, and heard the while
The sparkling water flow, —

Then thought upon the flask that held
The nectar of the vine,
And turned ; and lo ! the flask was gone—
The water stole the wine !

“ Ah, greedy, thievish stream,” we cried,
And chased it as it ran,
“ It is not fit that thirsty brook
Should plunder thirsty man ! ”

Wine Song

The tipsy current, here and there,
We watched it glide and glance ;
We heard the knavish ripples laugh,
And saw gay bubbles dance.

Round every jolly bend we went
The tippling streamlet made,
And looked in every boosy pool
And every lush cascade.

And there, at last, behold the flask
With all its treasure shine !
A drunken eddy clasps it close,
And waltzes with the wine !

O nurse of dreams and balm of pain !
O source of joy and song !
O lamp of hope and memory's veil !
O strength of weak and strong !

No wonder that the poets trace
Thy birth to source divine,
When crystal streams, themselves athirst,
Would steal the amber wine !

The Poet's Bargain.

(After Pierre Cardinal.)

FROM East to West I 'll make a covenant
With all the world, and keep it without fail ;
I 'll give each loyal man a gold bezant,
If each disloyal one give me a nail ;
The courteous with a mark of gold I 'll fee,
If every boor a penny grant to me ;
Truth-tellers shall have heaps of coin ; I beg
From every liar, in return, an egg.

The laws that are obeyed, I 'll write them all
Along the little finger of my glove ;
If I should bid the brave to banquet hall,
I would regale them on a turtle dove,
For scanty fare befits not noble guest ;
Compelled to serve the wicked with a feast,
I should fling wide the doors of everywhere,
And cry : " Good people all, come forth and share !"

His Dream.

THE Devil lay in wildest, deepest hell,
In sleep enshrouded by a God-sent spell :
He lay in slumber's deep repose profound,
Nor heard the yells of torment echoing round,
Nor felt the living, heaving sea of fire,
Whose tides forever flow and ne'er retire.
Forgetful of the gulfs of woe that boil,
The hot, bright flames that scorch and hiss and
coil,
The cliffs of torment and the deep, dark caves
Where pain laments and horror ever raves ;
Forgetful of his kingdoms damned, infernal,
The doleful realm of woes and wails eternal ;
Forgetful of hell's adamantine walls,
He dreamed of heaven's star-gemmed, blue-domed
halls.

The Mask of the World.

I KNOW both the masks and the faces of all
That appear at this bustling carnival ball :
Here an ale-wife struts in the robes of a queen,
There 's a vestal, with only her garments clean ;
That man in the beard, who is prating of art,
Was meant for the seat of a butcher's cart ;
Yon soldier's service might not be spurned,
Were his sword to a thousand needles turned ;
And this preacher here, would have been at home
With Bourbon's Black Bands in the sack of Rome ;
What motley disguises the knaves have assumed,
From the gipsy in rags to the emperor plumed,
And though each knows himself for a rogue and a
cheat,
How simply he credits his neighbor's deceit !
And so evermore they may merrily waltz,
While they feign the untrue and believe in the false.
I would I might wait till the trumpet is blown,
For the masks to be doffed and the true faces
shown.

Water-Lilies.

A LONG the stream there seemed to reign
The bliss of languid quiet ;
In wood and field, through flower and grain,
A summer joy ran riot.

We reached a cove with marshy bed
Begirt with margin hilly.
“ Oh, turn your boat aside,” she said,
“ I ’ve not yet found a lily.”

Among the rushes and the reeds
Wound many a channel mazy ;
I dipped my oars through floating weeds
With movement slow and lazy.

Around a dead tree in the marsh
A flock of blackbirds fluttered,
And close beside us, croaking harsh,
A mud-hen splashed and muttered.

Water-Lilies

A crow flew by from wood to wood,
Bird-sexton, grimly jolly ;
A heron in the rushes stood
In silent melancholy.

The way grew clear as on we went,
Until at last we noted
Where on its raft-like leaves low bent,
A water-lily floated.

The chalice of the flower looked old,
And frayed the edge that bound it ;
And what they call its heart of gold
Had twenty bugs around it,—

While here and there in ordered ranks,
Like troops of gallant riders,
Leaving the isle-like leaf's green banks,
Sped off the water spiders.

And yet my love reached to the stem
With full as glad a motion
As if to grasp the rarest gem
Hid in the caves of ocean ;

Water-Lilies

Her hand an unstained lily shone
 Within the clear dark water,
Then waved aloft before the sun
 The lily stained it brought her.

To see that child of swampy slime
 Caught with such exultation,
A hope hid in my soul long time
 Found sudden revelation.

What did I proffer? Was't a heart,
 A trifle frayed with passion,
That from the stream of life apart
 Swayed in a listless fashion?

I may not tell. And as her face
 Burned in a flame of blushes
What said she, with a bashful grace
 Slow whispering to the rushes?

I may not tell. Yet you shall know
 The lesson of the matter
That fair day murmured, soft and low,
 Unto the reeds and water :—

Water-Lilies

Stains may seem pure—dross, treasure trove—

And folly's self not silly—

To woman when she meets with love

Or goes to seek a lily.

8

Bringing the Fire from Delphi.

TOUCH joyously, O lingering morn, Cithæron's
lofty crown,
For seldom on a nobler sight has light of morn
looked down !
This day, about the mountain's knee, behold, con-
federate Greece
Aglow with triumph comes to celebrate her hard-
won peace ;
And though the peoples be sore spent, their towns
in ruins laid,
The land once more is free, the tide of Persian con-
quest stayed.
In that long, doubtful struggle of the East and
West, again
Dear Europe wins, and Art is safe ; unbound the
tongue and pen ;
By Salamis, Thermopylæ, and the Platæan field
Once more the Asian spear is broke, and pierced
the Asian shield !

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

This day the trumpet sounds a charge ; in long
procession slow

The people waving myrtles and the laurelled chariots
go ;

This day to the heroic dead fit monuments they
raise,

And on Plataea's field itself proclaim their cham-
pions' praise ;

This day they shed the bullock's blood and pour
the purple wine,

And splash the tombs with water and with essences
divine.

This day, so saith the oracle in dread Apollo's name,
They shall re-light each household blaze and every
altar flame

With sacred fire from Delphi's shrine—to cleanse
from fancied stain

The land where foreign hordes had camped and left
their bodies slain.

“ Stand forth, young Euchidas, whose task it is ere
day expire

To run to Delphi's temple and bring back the
sacred fire ! ”

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

So proud Pausanias spoke ; and at his word, from
out the throng,
The fair pentathlete stepped and faced the autumn
sunshine strong.
Half-naked for the fearful course he stood and bent
his face ;
In every curve of body power, in every gesture
grace ;
Round-limbed, light-flanked, full-shouldered, tall,
with skin so smooth and clear
The rippling muscles sliding to and fro beneath,
appear,—
And yet no yielding softness there, for all their
flowing lines,
But tendons tough as silken cords and hard as knot-
ted vines.
And on the perfect body throned a perfect head was
set,
With glowing eyes and arching lips and hair in curls
of jet.
At every movement, poised for flight, yet planted
firm, he seemed—
As grand a thing in flesh and blood as ever sculptor
dreamed.

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

The message for the Delphic priests he took, and,
turning round,
He dashed amid the cheering crowd and down the
sloping ground ;—
No sudden burst of speed, that in a moment tires
and faints,
No loitering lope of one who stays or strives without
restraints,
Ah, no ! for he by plain and stream and mountain
path must run
A thousand furlongs' course before the setting of
the sun !
With easy, even stride, and moving from the hips,
he goes,
So light, so graceful that his action might be
deemed repose ;
Yet fierce it was and fast, for effort, energy, and
will
In tumult waste, and working at their best seem
often still.
Behind, Cithæron's gloomy ridge ; northeast, Eu-
bœa's heights ;
And north, the great Bœotian plain in shifting shades
and lights ;

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Northwestward, Helicon's far-rolling slopes ; then,
white and fair,
Parnassus, crowned with snow and soaring through
the morning air !

On that white giant of the Phocian hills he fixed his
eyes,
For sheltered in the mountain's lap the sacred city
lies.

Asopus' sedgy tide he passed, where camped the
Persians lay,

And on through Leuctra, yet unstained with blood,
he took his way ;

Along the rolling hills he strained past plundered
Thespiæ's vale,

Where love is lord, and beauty power, by every hill
and dale ;

The sunny slopes of Helicon he skirted as he strode,
The nurse of fountains and of flowers, the muses'
fair abode,

Where 'neath the winged horse's hoofs bright Hip-
pocrene gushed,

Where Aganippe's potent wave the poet's genius
flushed.

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

And as he runs he smiles :—" They'll think of him
in other days—

Each Grecian girl that sits and dreams beside her
household blaze !"

Almost at every mile along the mountain at his left,
Some sparkling torrent at his feet springs down a
rocky cleft ;

And to the right the great Copaic plain extends
afar,—

" Mars' exercising ground" 't was called, so oft
't was trod in war ;

And every bordering city then had been or was to
be

A battlefield—and live forever in man's memory.

With steady pace the runner goes ; the distant lake
looks blue ;

The slow sun mounts ; and in his light Cithæron
changes hue.

But ever where the vision breaks through Helicon's
defiles,

Parnassus, like an altar, seems to close the valleyed
aisles.

At last, around a mountain spur the pathway turns ;
and there

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Fair Lebadea, in its gorge lies crouched, as in a
lair ;

The clear, bright river rushing down from where
the pilgrims quaffed

The mystic founts, remembering and forgetting at a
draught.

Here, Euehidas, bend to your task ; you may not
slacken stride,

Though through the foot-hills wheels the path and
round Parnassus' side ;

A mountain road for many a mile, by beetling cliffs
it creeps,

Through passes grim, down shuddering gulfs, and
up the rocky steep.

The runner's breath comes hard, his lips are set,
and flushed his face,

But still he will not yield, and holds his even, rapid
pace.

He counts the throbbing of his heart, the fleeting
miles he notes,

He watches for the sudden gusts from out the
gorges' throats.

The glories of the wondrous way he may not pause
to heed ;

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

No luring prospect tempts to rest ; no greeting
stays his speed ;
For what to him are terraced vines, or fount, or
rock-hewn tomb,
Or hills with sunshine tipped, or valleys swathed in
cloudy gloom ?
What matters if 't was in this Cloven Way, full long
ago,
That he who guessed the Sphinx's riddle struck the
fated blow
And slew his sire, unknowing and unknown ? He
may not care
How here the Heliconian ridges sweep back far
and fair ;
That there a narrow vista opening eastward lets
appear,
As in a picture framed, Eubœa's straits, soft, blue,
and clear ;
That yonder the Corinthian gulf in southern sun-
shine lies,
And far beyond Arcadia's peaks blend with the
southern skies.

But as he runs he smiles : “ They 'll think of him
in other days—

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Each priest that lights an altar flame and lifts his
voice in praise !”

’T was almost noon, as round a cliff the runner
sharply wheeled,
And saw below him in its vale rich Delphi lie re-
vealed.

Above, the grim Phædriades, sheer steeps of shining
gray,

Where through a narrow cleft Castalia’s fountain
makes its way ;

Beyond, the ridge of Kirphis looms ; far down, the
Pleistus flows ;

While like an amphitheatre, built steeply rows on
rows,

In curving marble terraces, the sacred city springs,
Where long ago the Python coiled his body’s bur-
nished rings.

His slayer’s temple stands above the secret, rocky
chasm,

Whose fumes the priestess breathes and yields to the
prophetic spasm,—

The centre of the world where once, in flight from
east and west,

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Great Zeus's eagles clashed their measuring wings
and came to rest ;

The gorgeous treasure-house of Greece, religion's
home and throne,

From which to nations as to men she speaks in
mystic tone.

The runner downward to the temple sped, his mes-
sage gave—

Just stayed, within Cassotis' fount his wearied
limbs to lave,

Just tasted bread and wine, and then, with laurel
round his head,

Stepped reverent to the altar where the holy flame
is fed.

They gave him of the sacred fire within a brazen urn,—
If motion keep its flame aglow it will not cease to
burn !

As from the temple porch he sprang upon the up-
ward track,

The myriad statues by the way seemed dancing
swiftly back ;

Along Parnassus' side he speeds before the mountain
wind,

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

And though the sun be bending west, the path drops
fast behind.

Not yet mid-afternoon it is, as lightly he descends
Fair Lebadea's gloomy vale to where the plain ex-
tends ;

Parnassus falls away behind, and to the right he
wheels

Along the land of stupid men, the lake of luscious
eels ;

He skirts the ridge of Helicon, and ever dreads the
night

Within its shades, though, rising far, Cithæron shines
in light.

He mends his pace, forsaking not his steady, swing-
ing stride ;

He will not fail to keep his tryst, whatever may
betide !

No muscle fails, no limb grows faint beneath the
weary strain ;

But fiercer beats the laboring heart, and fiercer
whirls the brain.

Stout workman, drive the crimson floods fast through
your pulsing gates !

Calm ruler, one false touch of nerve,—in vain Pla-
tæa waits !

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Yet as he runs he smiles : “ They ’ll think of him
in other days—

Each bard that seeks for noble themes and loves
heroic lays ! ”

But once the runner swerved, and felt his eye grow
strangely dim,

And paused and flung himself beside a crystal
streamlet’s rim :—

And, on a sudden, serpents seemed to writhe about
the brink,

And hiss, and lash to blood the water, as he bent to
drink !

An instant ; and again the wave was clear, and cold,
and calm,

And to his throat and burning hands and head it
felt like balm.

How strange that being seemed, that, as he drank,
looked from the stream

And kissed his lips with set wan face, and eyes as in
a dream !

He seized the sacred urn once more, and smiled and
leaped away.

How fast the sun declines, and mountain shadows
blot the day,—

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

But still Cithæron's sombre face glows to the western sky,

Howe'er he dreads to see the sheen from off its forests die.

With mad desire to win that goal he strives, and drives along

With swifter pace. He will not fail, for passion keeps him strong !

Past Leuctra's plain—in sunshine still—Asopus' river nears—

Beyond—in sunshine still—the crowds ! and hark, the ringing cheers !

With easy, even, rapid stride the thronging slope he took,

Where stood the Spartan chief, unwonted softness in his look ;

And to the leader's hands he gave the urn, and bowed his head—

Then faltered—reeled, and fell in arms outstretched to save him—dead !

They set within Diana's fane a simple stone to say

Bringing the Fire from Delphi

Who ran to Delphi and returned within a single
day :—

A gallant course ! Who would not wish for strength
and skill so tried ?

For loyalty and will to hold the path until he died ?

For powers so disciplined to do the hests of strong
desire ?

And best of all to run for Man and carry sacred
fire !

The Challenge.

'T WAS in the sunset of the year,
When autumn's colors tint the wood,
And ere the winter's twilight drear
Comes down on every solitude,
That I and she I held most dear
Along the river's pictured flood
Went floating down the Genesee ;
And there to song she challenged me !

How autumn's alchemy made gold
The maple leaf and sumach bush,
She sang ; the crimson glories told
Of that fair vine that seems to flush
For clasping in its conscious fold
The manly elm that scorns to blush ;
And praised the pictures in the tide
Of gorgeous hills re-multiplied.

The Challenge

But ah, the tender, solemn tone
Of that sweet voice, when it did dwell
Upon the mystic meaning shown
In nature's change, I may not tell ;
Nor how it sang the season's moan
As sweetly as a silver bell :
So wise a lesson ne'er again
Will wedded be to such a strain.

But I was songless ; not a note
There came in rival melody ;
One thought would leap from heart to throat,
I could not choose but set it free :
" I love you ; would we two might float
Forever down the Genesee !"
" The palm," she murmured, " I resign ;
Your song is sweeter far than mine !"

9

A True, True Friend.

A TRUE, true friend, O fortune, send,—
A life to wreathe with mine,
And though I flourish, break, or bend,
Around me intertwine !

'T were ill to prize false passion's sighs,
The quiver of a leaf ;
Nor would I watch in many eyes
For kindred love or grief ;

I cannot stand a passive hand,
And hate a luring smile,—
The friend grown cold as blackened brand,
The foe that walks in guile !

Where faces glow and glasses flow
To manly pledges filled,
The moments fall like flakes of snow,
The morrow all is chilled.

A True, True Friend

The boys I knew, and deemed so true,
Have shut me from their souls ;
Those shrines love only enters to,
And woman there controls.

A true, true friend, O fortune, send,—
A life to wreathe with mine,
And as I flourish, break, or bend,
Around me intertwine !

Song.

A ROSE-BUD among full-blown roses
The girl is that I love ;
What promise fair the sweet bud closes,
A little time will prove.

To watch and ward the full rich blossom
That blooms all unaware
What graces strange its leaves embosom,
Is a delicious care.

Song.

FARE thee well !
Though I mourn the broken spell,
Though I shiver o'er the embers
Of the hopes my heart remembers,
Love is dead ; and be his knell
Fare thee well !

Sad good-bye !
Such a past is worth a sigh,
Such a future worth no trouble ;
Harvest gone, the fields are stubble ;
Joy is mortal, let him die—
Fair good-bye !

“We’re Boys and Girls Together !”

O SWEET and strong magician, Memory !
The sudden sounding of some dear old tune ;
A dream of faces that we ne’er shall see ;
The misty rising of an autumn moon ;
The busy humming of a dusty bee ;
The pregnant odor of a woods in June ;
The faint far scent of lilac or of heather—
And once again we’re boys and girls together !

It is the realm of youth, so quaint and new,
For life is fresh, and feeling still intense,
Where many an old romancer’s tales are true,
And false the maxims of our riper sense ;
The circling hills and arching sky, how blue ;
The cliff how tall, the shadowy woods how dense ;
What crash of storms ; what gleams of golden
weather—
For once again we’re boys and girls together !

"We're Boys and Girls Together!"

The brow that passing years have wreathed with
fame

Puts laurels off, and takes on boyish grace ;

This comrade tinged with grief, that touched with
shame,

Are here, glad-voiced and innocent of face ;

The very loved asleep in graves we claim—

List for their silver laugh in soft embrace !

For time's turned back and flown with sweeping
feather,

And once again we're boys and girls together !

New Year, Old Era.

THERE is no magic in the time,
No spell in New Year's merry chime
To change our being, fate, or clime.

The wintry winds, as long ago,
Among the moaning woods will blow
The ghostly mists of wintry snow ;

The Spring, through tears of showery rain,
Will smile, making the drift-bent grain
And every bud and blossom fain ;

The Summer's heat, the Summer's calm,
Will brood o'er earth, and Summer's balm
Rise like the incense with a psalm ;

At touch of Autumn, as of old,
The green of leaves will glow to gold,
And gleam and wither and grow cold.

New Year, Old Era

There will be loss, there will be gain,
And pleasure's thrill, and pang of pain,
And thousands born and thousands slain ;

There will be woe and deep delight,
The victor's joy, the victim's fright,
The blush of morn, the frown of night ;

The year will bring the lover's bliss,
The dying mother's farewell kiss,
The stock-dove's coo, the serpent's hiss ;

The strong may fall, the weak may rise,
The wicked thrive on cunning lies,
The good go down in sacrifice ;

The sun will shine on freemen's glaives,
It cannot shun the sight of slaves,
Nor help but nourish grass on graves.

Continued change for constant cause,
Success and failure under laws !
We are not blown about like straws ;

What comes is earned as well as meant ;
Not impulse only, but intent
And effort make development.

“Bring Me a Minstrel Now.”

THE kings of Edom, Judah, Israel,
On Moab marched ; but on the southern plain
Their hosts, from weariness and thirst, were
stayed ;
The waters failed in stream, and fount, and well ;
There came no shade of clouds, no splash of rain ;
The strong sun burned ; the red dust slowly
swayed ;
The patient cattle lolled their tongues and gasped ;
In idle lassitude, unlike repose,
Men tossed, with swords ungirt and helms un-
clasped,
And took no trouble for the coming foes.

“ Our might is gathered to be Moab’s spoils ! ”
The king of Israel in anguish cried ;
And he of Judah sighed : “ Is there not here
Some man of God to free us from the toils ? ”

“Bring Me a Minstrel Now”

A servant spoke, low-voiced and eager-eyed,
Elisha's name. They heard in hope and fear,
Remembering how, when drought had parched the
land,

His master sat, with face between his knees,
On Carmel, till, no bigger than a hand,
The cloud he prayed for rose from out the seas.

The troubled kings unto the prophet came.

To him of Israel, abashed, unnerved,

Elisha turned : “ And what have I to do,”

He said, “ with thee ? Go call upon the name

Of gods thy father and thy mother served—

And seers Ahab and Jezebel held true ! ”

With rapid stride and strong he paced the tent,

Elijah's wrongs revolving in his ire,

And all forgetful of the great ascent

To Heaven with chariot and steeds of fire.

“ Three kings the Lord of Hosts has gathered,
then,

To be delivered unto Moab's hands ! ”

The suitor murmured, still in hope of grace.

Elisha paused and sternly spoke again :

“Bring Me a Minstrel Now”

“Save that the king of Judah with thee stands,
As the Lord lives, I would not see thy face !”
Then, conscious of the fury of his mood,
At strife with thought of things divine, he said :
“Bring me a minstrel now !” And where he stood
He sank, and wrapped his mantle round his head.

The minstrel came ; his slender fingers sweep
Across the harp, and from the trembling strings
There flows silence in sound, a dreamy hush ;
Then shadows that athwart the sunshine creep ;
Among the flowers there goes with rustling wings
A wandering wind ; anon, there seems a gush
Of raindrops, sprinkled, tinkling, on the leaves,
The splash and gurgle of a shower in streams,
With husbandmen a-calling 'mong their sheaves ;
And then grey rain through all the music teems !

The noise of swollen brooks breaks in, the roar
Of rapid rivers, and at times the flash
Of thunderbolts among the pines the gloom
Makes drearer ; while, upon some far-off shore,
With iterant and deep-resounding crash,
The music-troubled seas are heard to boom !

“Bring Me a Minstrel Now”

And as the minstrel played, there fell a calm
Upon the prophet's soul ; and every sense
And sympathy, in that melodious balm,
Was opened to supernal influence.

The hand of God came on him, and he rose :
“Go trench the valley ; though you may not feel
Or wind or rain, the waters shall be poured
Throughout the camps in streams. Nor heed the
foes,
For Moab shall be given to your steel,
The choicest cities spoiled, the fruit trees
scored,
The wells choked up, the gardens marred with
stones !”

In awe they heard the potent words. Alas,
For homes foredoomed to fall with evil thrones,
For, as he had foretold, it came to pass !

Behold the kings perplexed the prophet sought—
For not in ways of court, or camp, or mart
May supreme wisdom dwell. And God's
design
Is not to passion-troubled spirits taught—
The prophet called, to calm his stormy heart,

"Bring Me a Minstrel Now"

The minstrel's power, then saw the dream
divine.

To touch eternal truth, oh, step aside

Among the mountain pines, or by the seas,
Or watch the skies; and still whate'er betide
The seeking soul must keep its inward peace.

Ballade of Fair Woman.

SOME trailing yards of silken rustle ;
A hat built up of wing and rose ;
A startling prominence of bustle ;
High heels that tilt her on her toes
With mincing gait ; a studied pose ;—
Who cares for such a piece of art,
Or how the creature comes and goes ?—
Save for the eyes, the lips, the heart !

She is no good in fray or tussle ;
A thing of fears and tears and throes,
With sadly undeveloped muscle
And strangely o'er-developed clothes,
That deals through bills her only blows ;
Of little use in field or mart,
And worthless in life's winds and snows—
Save for the eyes, the lips, the heart !

Ballade of Fair Woman

She has a voice like any throstle
For greeting all her dearest foes,
Though it can make a husband hustle ;
To sway a fan, to flirt with beaux,
Or in a carriage loll, she knows,
Or sit and drive a village cart ;
She should be tossed to kites and crows—
Save for the eyes, the lips, the heart !

Ah, prince, this feeling on me grows ;
Though at her faults we check and start,
The world were but a place of woes—
Save for the eyes, the lips, the heart.

A Castle in Spain.

TO northward, heaved in broken lines,
Great mountains curve, the valley's rim,—
Along their sides the sombre pines,
About their heads the vapors dim ;
Full many a stream leaps headlong down
To join a river broad and free,
That winding on through grove and town,
Flows calm and deep to meet the sea ;
And on a cliff above the plain,
Far glancing to the distant main,
My castle stands, my home in Spain.

Its towers are granite, strong and gray,
'Tis girt with jutting balconies,
Its walls are rich with hangings gay,
Mosaics pave its galleries ;
There pictures strange, great painters' dreams,
In vivid colors are enwrought,

A Castle in Spain

And many a snowy statue gleams,
The care-worn sculptor's frozen thought ;
And all fair things that saints disdain,
And fling aside for heavenly gain,
My castle holds, my home in Spain !

Fair gardens rich in summer bloom,
Where fountains rise and white spray falls,
Breathe scent of fruit and flowers, perfume
For many a rood around its walls ;
And all that valley tribute pays,
From golden fields to spire of gold,
From packman on the mountain ways
To galley that, with venture bold
Of spice and cloth of Indian grain
Sweeps up the stream with glad refrain,
To anchor 'neath my keep in Spain.

Oh, may the sky that o'er it bends
Remain forever bright and clear !
For noble guests and gallant friends
Have shared that castle's goodly cheer :
Religion tinged with tolerance,
And rank whose smallest boast was birth,

A Castle in Spain

And wit that used no poisoned lance,
And beauty that forgot not worth,
And friendship free from envy's strain,
And love untouched with sinful stain,
Were welcome to my home in Spain !

At morn we hunted on the hills ;
At noon we feasted in the grove ;
At eve a tale of others' ills
The minstrels for our pleasure wove ;
At night we watched the thick dews veil
The earth in mists of silvery tears,
Or saw the columned clouds assail
The mountains with their lightning spears ;
The morning never dawned in pain ;
We never felt life's uses vain,
Who dwelt within that keep in Spain.

That castle fair, when shall I find ?
Is it in memory or in dream,
Across the vision of my mind,
Its turrets tall so often gleam ?
Is this a home or exile sad,
Wherein with alien heart I move ?

A Castle in Spain

For every mortal hope makes glad
Is there no vale of rest and love ?
And o'er the hills,—across the main,—
Above the clouds,—do all men strain
To reach some castle built in Spain ?

The Crazy King.

THE cynic may laugh, but it makes my heart
sick,

That King Louis should be such a lunatic ;
At a time when peoples are breaking loose,
When even a monarch must seem of use,
And rulers who hope to keep command,
Must sway the sceptre with busy hand,

It is very sad

That any king should be crazy mad.

A palace he raised on a hill aloof,
And made a garden along the roof,
And set a lake in the clear, blue air,
Above town, and forest, and landscape fair ;
With swans to draw him, he seems to float
Through the summer sky in his gilded boat.

It is very sad

That the poor young man should be so mad.

The Crazy King

He made a banquet ; the golden gleam
Of the feast was real, the guests a dream ;
And the costly wine did not cease to flow
For the lips that were dust long years ago ;
While he sat at the board and pledged as host
The health of each goodly and famous ghost.

It is very sad

That the poor young king should be so mad.

He built a theatre, rich and rare,
And the sweetest of singers make music there ;
And often the king in a strange, wild whim,
Sits in the theatre lorn and dim,
And, free from the glare of the gossiping throng,
Drinks lonely draughts of refreshing song.

It is very sad

That the poor young man should be so mad.

This lunatic king, I blush to say,
Has no terror of death by night or day ;
He has no visions of Nihilist plots,
Nor dreams of fanatics' random shots,
And never in all his simple life
Was forced to dodge an assassin's knife.

The Crazy King

It is very sad

That any monarch should be so mad.

He never has wedded, and, stranger still,
He has set a curb on his royal will,
And walks untempted, elate, and pure,
O'er the silken nets of each love-set lure,
For he seems to think that the moral law
Should keep kings and courtiers' wives in awe.

It is very sad

That the poor young man should be so mad.

He has never projected a great reform,
Or kindled aggressive war's wild storm.
He has won no battle, and burned no town,
And snatched no gem from a neighbor's crown.
Alas, his case is beyond all hope ;
For he has not even defied the Pope !

It is very sad

That the poor young king should be so mad.

His simple people may work and trade,
And love, and worship all unafraid
Of the useless shedding of guiltless blood,
Or the waste of treasure or want of food ;

The Crazy King

But they hang their heads and sigh for shame
When the nations 'round about exclaim :

“ How very sad
That your poor young king should be so mad ! ”

Home.

GOD bless the hopes that hallow home,
The thoughts that make it holy ;
And pity all who from it roam
Along with melancholy.

A sister's chair, though vacant there,
Seems fraught with sweeter pleasure
Than dance, or song, or fame elsewhere,
Or stores of golden treasure.

A brother's grave grants more I crave,
Of sympathy and loving,
Than any hearts of strangers gave
Since I was forced to roving.

Then, oh how sweet, the friends to greet
With life and hope yet burning,
Whose clasping hands your own can meet,
The grasp of love returning !

Home

God bless the hopes that hallow home,
The thoughts that make it holy ;
And pity all who from it roam
Along with melancholy !

I love its trees, the very breeze
That touches it in blowing,—
Look on it, Lord of just decrees,
Thy choicest gifts bestowing.

“My Dreams They All Are
Haunted.”

MY dreams they all are haunted
By a fair familiar face,
That comes uncalled, unwanted,
Though so full of love-lit grace.

Last night arose this vision
In a well-remembered room ;
And my sleep grew half elysian
As I drank her breath's perfume.

I felt her garment wrinkle,
Watched her foot beneath its fold,
Heard her voice's music sprinkle
All our talk with sands of gold.

How I sat and watched the shimmer
Of her gray, entrancing eyes,
Where wit and archness glimmer,
And where wisdom deeper lies ;

"My Dreams They all Are Haunted"

How I laughed at sweet and bitter,
As her lips played red and rare,
And the lamplight's yellow glitter
Glanced along her shining hair !

Oh, naught can mend the jewel
Crushed beneath our angry tread !—
Why then this strange renewal
Of memories long since dead ?

I buried all thoughts flowing
From this passion long ago ;
On their grave long grass is growing,
And the mound is flattened low !

Yet mines that slaves are sinking,
Would I barter but to know
That she of me is thinking—
When she haunts my dreaming so !

Reconciliation.

THERE stole a sudden flash
Forth from her modest eye,
Then down dropped lid and lash,
As she came passing by.

Her soul had met with mine
In that quick secret gaze,
And bashful blood, like wine,
Set all her cheeks ablaze.

For what her glance made known,
I joyous read the shame,
By eyebrows' arching frown
And in the face aflame.

Deeply the thought distressed
Of all the thoughts betrayed ;
With sweet red lips compressed
On went the blushing maid.

Reconciliation

Ah me ! Though you it grieved,
That look was worth a world.
Love lives, and life 's reprieved,
The wings of hope unfurled.

Song.

THEY that to pleasure give the time,
And deem the sensuous the divine,
May snatch the kiss, and weave the rhyme,
And crush the grapes to sparkling wine ;
But barren is their careless joy ;
They wave the torch and quench its gleams,
They pluck the roses and destroy,
Their lives degenerate to dreams.
Hope, mocker of the silver wings,
In very scorn of them she sings.

They that are resolute for gain,
And grasp for power with greedy hand,
May put great forces to the strain,
And sway the fortunes of the land.
But hatred on their triumph waits,
And evils breed in selfish sin ;
Their deeds develop to their fates,
The good they would they may not win.
Hope, siren of the silver wings,
To lure them to their doom she sings.

Song

They that are set to serve their kind,
And loyal to the true and good,
May work and wait, and trust to find
The end by paths misunderstood.
For them each thought will burst to bloom,
And fruitage crown each painful deed,
And crushed desires will breathe perfume—
Self-sacrifice is holy seed.
Hope, angel of the silver wings,
It is their psalm of life she sings.

Shadows.

A ZURE of sky and silver of cloud
In the deep dark water show,
Amber of field and emerald of wood,
That were pictured long ago.

Here, as of old, the beauty above,
And its shadow there below ;
Why was their message jubilant then,
And their meaning now but woe ?

Nay, not the same, O fool, as of yore !
These be other leaves that grow,
Other the harvests, other the waves ;
Other the breezes that blow.

Sameness in sooth, but difference too ;
And a simple change I know,
Within beholder, without in scene,
It may alter meaning so !

Shadows

Shadow of her that looked down with me,
In the depths so long ago—
Were all your archness glimmering there,
Would the picture breathe but woe?

The Vanished Eden.

Quien bueyes ha perdido cencerros se le antojan.
(He who has lost his oxen is always hearing bells.)
—Spanish Proverb.

In the last verse of the third chapter of Genesis it is said that the Lord set "cherubim and a flaming sword" over the Garden of Eden, "to keep the way of the tree of life;" and it has been supposed by some scholars that the Earthly Paradise remained until it was destroyed in the general devastation of the Deluge.

I.

TRADITION said: Beyond that barrier lies
Becalmed our sires' primeval Paradise;
Once through yon pass, and you may see the fires
Of sunset tinge with gold its mountain spires;
From mortal eyes its scented blossoms hid,

The Vanished Eden

To mortal lips its saving fruit forbid,
Within that maze of beauty's inmost core
The sacred tree of life blooms evermore ;
Along those walls still wheels the flaming sword
Obedient to Jehovah's threatening word.
And like white summer clouds round heaven's rim
Sail slow above the guardian cherubim.

Fair prize of immortality ! Did then
No one essay, of all the sons of men,—
Giants and mighty ones of old,—to win
From God a rich eternity of sin ?
Was there no chief of Adam's exiled line,
Thrilled with a great despair or hope divine,
To conquer back or earn in prayer and ruth
Unending days and undecaying youth ?

Though lit by ancient grace in fitful gleams
And haunted still in dim and awful dreams
With glimpses of the Lord, the race had run
A downward course from circling sun to sun,
Fast losing Eden's misted memories
In earthly sin and earthly sympathies !
Sometimes, when famine scourged the helpless land,
When fell a hero 'neath the foeman's brand,

The Vanished Eden

Or when a chief, old as a pine or oak,
Bent his hoar head before time's conquering stroke,
Men knew themselves accursed to woe and pain,
And sighed for primal purity again,—
Then turned to toil, to passion, and to strife,
Sin's evil harvest in the fields of life.

In Enoch's heart alone a nobler fire
Burned strong, and made his being one desire.
Master of many a town and grassy plain,
Of caravan, and mine, and hoarded grain,
He left increase of flocks and schemes for wars,
To watch the golden clustering of the stars,
And ever yearned to find the Lord revealed
Among the solitudes of wood and field ;
And so, three hundred years and sixty-five
He walked in grace and saw his children thrive,—
When the divine desire broke human ties
And urged him on the quest for Paradise.

'T was olden legend pointed out his course,—
To trace unto its far mysterious source
The noble river that flowed deep and free
Along his native land to seek the sea.
Full many a toilsome day the pilgrim sped

The Vanished Eden

By prayer sustained and unseen guidance led.
The plains grow dim behind and disappear ;
Great valleys open wide, and stretch to rear ;
The hills begin to crowd the rapid tide ;
The vales give way ; defiles are multiplied ;
To wooded slopes, grim rocky cliffs succeed ;
With rush and roar the mighty waters speed ;
The homes of men, the hunters' haunts are gone ;
But onward still, undaunted and alone,
From moon to moon, the desperate path he keeps—
Faith with him when he toils ; hope, when he sleeps.

He came at last where effort seemed in vain ;
For many a mile a sheer cliff rose amain,
And through a mountain-cleft the river poured—
A winding chasm by sunshine unexplored !
No earthly wing could lift so high its flight ;
No man's endeavor stem the torrent's might.
Dazed with long loneliness, outworn with cares,
Tangled in fever's fancies, as in snares,
He staggered on the scene. His forces spent,
His consciousness to shadowy languor blent,
It seemed to him beside the stream dismayed,
A giant bird among its breakers played ;
It swam at will along the foam-plumed waves ;

The Vanished Eden

It dived where opening eddies yawned like graves ;
It sailed through writhing currents flung in seas,
Breasting the noisy tide with careless ease ;
Swan-like in form, but more than swan in size,
With stately neck, white breast, and ebon thighs,
And yellow feet that in the clear green flood
Spread out, at speed, like fans of sandal wood.
And as the creature turned with motion fleet,
And poised itself in calm at Enoch's feet,
Seeming to greet him and await his will,
The weary pilgrim feels his being thrill
With inspiration's impulse, and he flings
Himself within the cradle of its wings.
He lies, half-conscious of the rapid rush,
The torrent's roar that softens to a hush,
The cañon's gloom—till darkness, motion, sound,
Have lulled his senses to a sleep profound.
A slumber long and soft,—a dream of night,—
A sense of perfume, melody, and light,—
He wakes ! And there at last fair Eden gleams,
Bright in the girdle of her fourfold streams.

II.

The metes and boundaries of that wondrous land
No tongue can tell ; for wave and drear sea sand

The Vanished Eden

Long, long ago their blue-grey mantles spread
Above each vale and round each mountain head ;
Nor comes a poet in a thousand years
To whom the vision of its grace appears.
Full many a league in compass did it seem,
Lit with the gorgeous sunlight of a dream,
Adorned with valleys deep and emerald plains,
Forests and streams, and noble mountain chains
Whose highest peaks were lightly upward driven
And seemed to vanish in the azure heaven ;
And angels came and went as on the stair
That spanned, in Jacob's dream, the midnight
air.

The rivers laughed and ran with current clear,
And from the hills leaped downward to the mere :
With rare sweet odors were the winds perfumed ;
With rare sweet colors were the woods illumed ;
And far and near there rang the melody
Of nature's voices wreathed in harmony.
There was through all the atmosphere outpoured
A strong delight that wrought a great accord,
As when, in youth's springtide and springtime
weather,
Two pure young lovers set their lips together.

The Vanished Eden

Not 'gainst the favored servant of the Lord
Was turned angelic guard or flaming sword,
As still in rapture with the sudden vision
He floated softly through the land elysian,
Along the central river's crystal tide
That like an inland lake spread blue and wide.
As when, some summer night the heavens blush
As though creation tingled with the flush
Of a far-off supernal joy, and shine
The stars as white as snow or red as wine
Around the regnant moon, and in their gleam
Below flows broad and clear St. Lawrence stream,
With all its myriad islands beautified,
And shore and sky repictured in its tide,
And as you glide within the granite maze,
Content among the winding liquid ways
To leave behind life's cares in nature's calm,
To smell the pine's and cedar's heavy balm,
To hear the tender birch's gentle shiver
Above the lapping of the deep-mouthed river,
The moonlit isles above seem strangely blent
With islands mirrored in the element,
And, floating twixt two firmaments you rear
Your thoughts, the creature of another sphere ;—

The Vanished Eden

So did the human pilgrim drift and dream
Upon the current of that Eden stream—
Past many a floating liliated island led,
Past many a beetling cliff with palm-capped head—
Here watched the wealth of wooded splendor rolled
In various russet, amber, green and gold ;
There saw some noble river slipping down
Afar, and shades of tropic forests frown ;
And yonder, a weird city through the mist
Thrust spires of sapphire or of amethyst.

And ever as he glided on, it seemed
The place grew like a dream full often dreamed ;
He saw in sky, and hill, and flower, and tree
The half-forgotten types of memory ;
The dim and fair ideals of desire
That kindled hope now satisfied its fire ;
The perfect forms in the creative mind
Elsewhere distorted, rose in grace defined ;
The thoughts of the divine intelligence,
Elsewhere so blurred, glowed clearly on the sense ;
The music of supernal joy, elsewhere
With discords marred, ran grandly, purely there.
As some young exile to his lands restored
Once forfeited unto the king, his lord,

The Vanished Eden

By a rebellious sire, returns in joy
Unto the scenes familiar when a boy,
Paces his father's hall with sober cheer,
His birthright ransomed and his fame made clear,
So Enoch seemed through Paradise to come,
No stranger, but an exile nearing home.
And as the heir restored may sometimes feel
A subtle sadness o'er his spirit steal,
To think of sorrows past and sufferings borne
And comrades dead in banishment forlorn,
So through the gates of memory there stole
Soft melancholy into Enoch's soul.

But in the air the snow of white robes came,
And silver pinions glanced with woven flame,
And as he floated on, from time to time,
His thoughts were lulled as by a low sung rhyme :

“ Full hard the search through mines of nature's
lore,
And knowledge gained is slowly gathered store ;
The wrinkled face like yellow parchment grows,
Across the brows the years will drift their snows ;
And, after all the toil and sacrifice,
Still wisdom's home remains in Paradise.

The Vanished Eden

“ There is a thrill in bugle calls to fight,
And in the clash of arms a strong delight ;
Nor recks the victor friend or foe cleft down
To set his flag above a conquered town :
Yet peace is prize of war and sacrifice,
And peace may rule no realm save Paradise.

“ The world, which is itself a sombre tomb,
Can yield no balm to keep the rose in bloom ;
To scent of honey and to taste of wine
Doth surfeit cling, as shadow unto shine :
No fleeting joy is worth a sacrifice ;
And pleasures last not save in Paradise.

“ Love's service is a fair and noble thing,
Turns monarch suitor and a peasant king ;
The weeping eye as well as laughing lip
Is yearning ever for companionship ;
Love sweetens life and lightens sacrifice ;
And love alone is lord in Paradise.”

In central Eden a fair sea was set
And therein was an island fairer yet,
In which a fount in many-columned play
Lifted its airy towers of crystal spray—

The Vanished Eden

The first of waters that at God's command
Poured forth their waves to gladden all the land ;
And in the moisture of its glancing dew,
The mystic tree of potent fruitage grew
Whose taste meant peace, and purity, and lore
And youth, and love, and life, forevermore.
And thither Enoch, circled so and guided,
Serenely with his great swan-shallop glided,
And sprang to taste of immortality
And learn what pleasure it may be to be.

Time has no dial for a lover's kiss,
No hour-glass that will serve to measure bliss.
'T were vain his happy story to rehearse
To whom the secrets of the universe
Were open laid ; or the fulfilled desires
Of one informed with pure celestial fires.
When some great engine sets a thousand shafts
In varied motion, and earth's handicrafts
The deft and dexterous iron fingers ply
With tireless speed, while wheel and spindle fly,
We watch each complex work and woven plan
And thrill with pride to see the power of man—
What joy must his have been who saw in play
The forces that creation's movements sway,

The Vanished Eden

And studied all results, or near or far,
From opening rose to slowly forming star !
Who watched great nature, alchemist of old,
Touch in Titanic retorts rocks to gold ;
Who learned the source of life, each germ's intent,
The secret of diverse development ;
Who knew the planet's path and why its pace
Ne'er slackened in the ever circling race ;
From whom the scheme of earth held naught concealed ;
To whom the heavenly scheme was half revealed.
What blessing is there that we mortals prize
Like friendship with the good, the true, the wise,
The tender, and the beautiful ? It gives
Wings to the world and lifts our struggling lives.
Ah, what delight must he have found in love,
Who trod with angels Eden's every grove !

Suggestive still, though oftentimes retold,
There runs a legend of a saint of old.
Long had he lived, shut off from human strife,
Within his abbey walls a holy life ;
Not careless of his fellow-creature's needs,
But prone to thoughtful words and loving deeds ;
His days a chain of charities and alms

The Vanished Eden

And all his aspirations lark-winged psalms :
Not blind to nature's smiles, but in their sheen
Still seeking light reflex of worlds unseen.
And once with childlike faith he prayed the Lord
To grant a vision of the saints' reward ;
That unto him one tinted ray be given
From the effulgence of the courts of heaven ;
That from eternity the least sublime
Of all its joys might touch a child of time.
He rose from where before the holy rood
He knelt, and strolled into the abbey wood.
A western wind that afternoon had strayed
Among the oaks and gossiping delayed ;
He heard the green-banked streamlet's laughing
 flow,
Its ripples to the pebbles babbling low ;
And where the sunshine through the foliage slips
A squirrel sits, an acorn at his lips.
While there the monk reclined and calmly mused,
The place with sudden glory seemed transfused,
And, wheeling through the trees in spiral rings,
There came a wondrous bird on lustrous wings.
No tropic plumage pictures to the mind
The light and glory that the vision shrined ;

The Vanished Eden

No northern meadow's choral hints the song
It poured the forest's pillared aisles along.
Surprised and tranced the holy man beheld,
And raptured listened while the music swelled.
And as the bird sprang on from spray to spray,
He followed through the wood its joyous way.
Sometimes he thinks to grasp with eager hands
The prize ; for just within his reach it stands.
But ah, its eyes gleam with enjoyment keen,
And it is gone amid the clouds of green !
Sometimes 't is lost ; and in the glade's far gloom
He just pursues the glimmer of a plume ;
Sometimes he hears in distant tinkling threads
A note that to the bright enchantment leads ;
Again in full fair view he sees it rest
Arching the foamy crimson of its crest.
And so, in long delight, he still pursued
The ever-fleeting vision through the wood.
At last it disappeared ; and while he sighed
To think it gone, behold ! 't was eventide.
Homeward he turned his weary steps ; and soon
Between the setting sun and rising moon
He saw the Abbey vale and towers. Yet, strange,
The old familiar scene seemed touched with change.

The Vanished Eden

The chapel walls looked worn and grim and grey,
Though lately built, yet touched with quick decay ;
How came its buttresses and Gothic eaves,
Thus mantled full and dark in ivy leaves !
The bridge, the barns, the cloistered halls did seem
Unknown and alien. Was it all a dream ?
In haste, the child of doubt and fear, he sprang
Across the bridge and at the portal rang.
A stranger oped the gate and calmly gazed
As at a stranger. Wondering, worn, and dazed,
At last he grasped the thought that his delight
Had compassed in its bounds an age's flight ;
The joy he had been chosen to receive
Had made a hundred years a summer's eve !

The least of Eden's charms weaves such a spell ;
What song the power of Eden's self may tell ?
So while o'er earth the cause of death and sin
Grew strong from age to age amid the din
Of war and rapine, and the patient Lord
Looked sadly down upon a race abhorred ;
And while Methusalem grew old and died,
And Lamech passed away in hoary pride,
And Noah heard the voice of God's command
Denouncing vengeance on the guilt-stained land,

The Vanished Eden

And labored at the ark with steady faith,
Preparing for the day of flood and scathe,
For Enoch among Eden's blessed bowers
The years had passed away like summer hours.

And then drew on the time of dread and gloom
To earth and Paradise presaging doom ;
And when to Eden came the fated dawn,
The great celestial guardianship withdrawn
Passed heavenward, like the mists of morn upcurled
From rivered valleys and round mountains furled.
An angel folded Enoch to his breast
And looked farewell from Eden's topmost crest ;
His fourfold pinions poised and all aglow
With gold, his soft-wreathed raiment trailing slow,
His great head backward turned with pensive air,
Among the unblown mists of shining hair ;
Tall as the white and columned smoke may be,
From a volcano's peak seen far at sea,
He touched the mountain-top and slowly rose
And disappeared within the skies' repose.

III.

The horror of the wrath of God remained
Below, the terror of his might disdained :

The Vanished Eden

The dark clouds gather over heaven's dome,
With herald winds, in sullen bands they come
And seem to wait to hear the dread command
Of him who holds all powers within his hand,
Their masses lit by vivid lightning flashes
And shook at intervals by thunder crashes.

'T is evening, and within the finished ark
The last of God's appointed ones embark ;
And now, behold, the awful signal given,
And opened are the flood-gates of high heaven !
Vain man, 'gainst oft-repeated warnings proof,
Exulting in the shelter of his roof,
Draws nearer to his fireside bright and warm
And marvels at the fierceness of the storm,
Or lulled to slumber by the pouring rain
Hopes to awake to smiling skies again.
But dim and drear come morning's leaden beams,
The rain in sheeted masses downward streams ;
The flowing waters furrow up the soil
And through unwonted channels hiss and broil,
While torrents, meeting torrents in their course
And struggling for a time in anger hoarse,
Rush on united with redoubled speed
To do the work to which they were decreed.

The Vanished Eden

They flood the rivers that disdain their banks
And pour their waves abroad in surging ranks ;
And as the tide spreads swiftly o'er the plain
Destruction's self strides raging in its train
And bears to her dark granaries away
The fruits of golden harvests down the spray.
Herds lifeless, and each valley's landmarks go,
Swept on above the surge or sunk below ;
Upwhirled in eddies faces grim in death
Are to the surface borne, then sunk beneath ;
The tree that braved the storm a thousand years,
Here rises on the surge, there disappears,
Or grating where some ruined arch has stood
Tosses its branches wildly o'er the flood.

Where once emerged calm rivers, streams, or
rills,
Fierce torrents choke the outlets through the hills,
And back in seething eddies sets the tide,
To brim the valley's vase with horrors wide.
City and village, hut and palace hall,
Garden and grove, it rolls above them all !

Old ocean, too, disturbed, in sudden flow,
Heaves all its fountains from their caves below,

The Vanished Eden

And sends the floods beyond their ancient strand
To bury man and wash the guilt-stained land—
A winding-sheet of foam on every wave
And every opening gulf beneath a grave.
The shark is tangled amid cottage vines,
The great leviathan flung through the pines,
And stately galleys tossed o'er sea-girt towns
And stranded upon far-off mountain crowns.
Not light the turmoil, and the rifts, and rents
That bring the lifting of new continents !

Up from the valleys, hounded on by doom
Crowds drenched and struggling seek a higher
tomb.

By myriad misty columns of the rain
Cut off and blinded, friend seeks friend in vain ;
In water's hissing fall or rising roar
Drowned at the lips all cries for succor pour.
A short reprieve to sure destruction yields
For multitudes who gain the upland fields ;
Behold, some wall of waters on their way,
Which checked to gather force had burst the stay,
And in one rolling sea of tumult wild
Whose front, a liquid precipice high piled,
Comes with a thousand times Niagara's force

The Vanished Eden

And sweeps the struggling worms along its course ;
As helpless they who mountain heights attain,
And linger shivering in the driving rain,
Awaiting tedious death in twilight grey,
No moon to light the night, no sun the day.
Ah, man, how art thou fallen since that hour
When first thou did'st behold from Eden's bower
Those orbs shine down on thee, themselves less
grand

Than thou, last favorite work of God's right hand !
No blemish marred thy bright perfections there—
Strong in his strength and in his beauty fair ;
No wonder they were snatched from thee in wrath,
And thou condemned unto decay and death,
Marked for that doom by every passion's trace,
That made thy soul its hideous lurking-place !

Days pass ; the rain yet pours ; the waters rise
Until between them and the lowering skies
A few lone mountains still their summits rear,
The haunt of multitudes, in woe and fear,
Round whom the huge waves crawl and toss their
spray
As if to lick ere they devour their prey.

The Vanished Eden

In blank despair men gaze on those below,
As o'er them tier by tier the waters flow,
Mark the faint struggle as death sets its grasp
And see the bubble of each final gasp.

Again the night enshrouds the dismal scene
And when the morning breaks, there's naught
between

The still downpouring clouds and rising tide
Save the lone ark upon the waters wide.

IV.

Far icy breakers, under Arctic skies,
Now sing the requiem of Paradise,
Let them lament, and not my feeble rhyme,
The beauty smothered in the deluge slime,
What works and histories were there effaced
We cannot know ; what ancient types erased
We may but dream. What science finds enfurled
Among the rocky records of the world,
And what religion tells with reverent air,
'T is not the poet's mission to compare.

I will not deem that garden fair to be
Naught but a crazy prophet's phantasy—

The Vanished Eden

Still Eden's choirs through all our music sing ;
Still Eden's scents to all our blossoms cling ;
Still Eden's voices through our poets flow ;
Still Eden's colors on our canvas glow ;
Still yield we to the cry of soft desire
That Eden's inborn memories inspire,
And deem that Eden may return again
When for that home we rear a race of perfect men.

Pange Lingua.

SING, O my soul, a hymn to God,
And holy be his name !
Before the sky was broad unfurled
He was, and will be when the world
Is melting into flame.

Sing, O my soul, a hymn to God,
And blessed be his power !
'T was he that through primeval night
Sent silver-footed orbs of light,
Creation's morning hour.

Sing, O my soul, a song to God,
For wondrous is his mind !
The clouds, the sky, the starry globes
Are his, with spring's renewing robes,
And all of human kind.

Sing, O my soul, a hymn to God,
For fearful is his frown !

Pange Lingua

Behold it in the plague's drear track,
Behold it in the tempest's rack
About the mountain's crown.

Sing, O my soul, a hymn to God,
For boundless is his love !
He sent his son, and crucified
For us that great Redeemer died
And won the realms above.

Sing, O my soul, a song to God,
For sweet are his demands !
An upright heart, a voice of praise,
With feet that walk in righteous ways,
And charitable hands.

Sing, O my soul, a hymn to God,
And grand are his rewards !
An age with him he has decreed
For every bright and holy deed
His angel's pen records.

Stray Rhymes.

THIEVES.

Pleasures are merry guests,
With merry tunes ;
Search well their silken vests
For silver spoons !

THE TRUE TEST.

This seemed to be pleasure and brought me pain,
That seemed to be sorrow and brought me gain ;
Were sorrow or pleasure again to win,
I should simply bethink me : “ Which is sin ? ”

RADICAL AND CONSERVATIVE.

Just before the age and just behind it
Are the honest fighting stations ;
Whoso seeks for danger there will find it,
Stubborn knocks and scanty rations !

Stray Rhymes

AN OLD PROBLEM.

Why is there any evil ?
To make the good more sweet ;
The ravage of the weevil
Brings up the price of wheat.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

What grace and strength, and fair design
Seem clustering round the lordly pine ;
And yet it is the clinging vine
That feeds the soul of potent wine !

MISMATED.

She flung rare roses in the snow,
And watched in vain to see it glow ;
And in the sea he poured rich wine,
But sweetened not the bitter brine.
How glad with wine might both have been,
How happy in the roses' sheen !

A WOMAN'S FOLLY.

She broke a glass, and, with a sigh,
Looked at her beauty turned awry ;

Stray Rhymes

She broke a heart, but did not care
For the distorted image there.

KILLING GLANCES.

If my love's looks were arrows,
How would her pretty feet be slain ;
If thy love's looks were arrows,
How would strange soldiers strew the plain !

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Who gathers millions that he may in millions give,
May make more beggars than his millions will
relieve.

THE SAME GUIDE.

So many that I loved have gone I know not where,
I long for death to come and say : "Forth let us
fare !"

The fount of Castaly.

I WOULD the fount of Castaly
Had never wet my lips ;
For woe to him that hastily
Its sacred water sips !

Apollo's laurel flourishes
Above that stream divine ;
Its secret virtue nourishes
The leaves of love and wine.

No naiad, faun, or nereid
Preserves its haunts in charge,
Or watches o'er the myriad
Of flowers about its marge ;

But aye around the caves of it
The muses chant their spells,
And charm the very waves of it,
As out that fountain wells.

The Fount of Castaly

Its joyous tide leaps crystallly
Up 'neath the crystal moon,
And falling ever mistily
The sparkling drops keep tune.

The wavelets circle gleamilly,
With lilies keeping trysts ;
Fair emeralds glisten dreamily
Below, and amethysts.

Once taste that fountain's witchery
On old Parnassus' crown,
And to this world of treachery
Ah, never more come down !

Your joy will be to think of it,
'T will ever haunt your dreams ;
You 'll thirst again to drink of it
Among a thousand streams !

THE END.





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